

Sports Illustrated

A close-up photograph of Tom Lasorda, a man with grey hair and a mustache, wearing a blue Dodgers cap and a white Dodgers jersey. He is giving a thumbs-up with his right hand and has a wide, enthusiastic smile. The background is a blurred outdoor setting, likely a baseball field.

MARCH 14, 1997 ONE DOLLAR

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ROUND ONE of the NCAA basketball tournament pares the 32 teams to 16. Barry McDermott reports on the upsets that inevitably occur and predicts which of the survivors have the best chance to reach the semifinals.

LOSERSVILLE, U.S.A. is what many natives call Atlanta, which may glitter as a Boomtown but peels as a Sportstown with its fast-place teams and sparse crowds. Atlanta Ray Blount Jr. goes home to find out what's wrong.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

"I used to be a giraffe, now I'm an antelope," commented artist Saul Lambert rather enigmatically during a discussion of turning points in one's life. "Or better still, a hind. Now there's a word you don't hear much."

Whatever he is at the moment, Lambert remains constant to SI, where his work has appeared over 16 years. In 1975 his illustration for a Rocky Bliner article (SI, June 9) was accepted for the prestigious Society of Illustrators' annual show, as was another last year for *The Scout Is a Lonely Hunter* (SI, Feb. 2). This week his watercolors enhance Bill Gilbert's story on winter camping (page 74). Though Lambert says that he is game for anything and would have been willing to join Gilbert on his sub-zero odyssey, in fact he read the manuscript in the warmth of his Princeton, N.J. home and then addressed himself to the business of presenting literal content visually. "Luckily, [Art Director] Dick Gangel gives an artist his head," Lambert says, "and that unlimited freedom allows me to express my point of view with few restrictions. With winter camping, I was interested in expressing the mood of the story, the imagery, rather than illustrating a given scene."

To capture the mood, and the hostile environment described, Lambert, 49, used cold colors of the spectrum—blues and greens—and the Luma inks he works with added a special brilliance to the frosty hues. Warmth appears only in the small campfire in the painting on page 77, but the fire is surrounded by a shivery chill that heightens the impression there is no way of getting comfortable. Even the shafts of sunlight in

the opening illustration seem more like shards of glass or ice than the warming rays of Old Sol.

As for Old Saul, he wards off the cold in various ways—for one, standing over a hot wok; Lambert is accomplished at Chinese cookery. Another means Lambert has of getting a glow is by attending sessions of something called the Thursday Group.

At 1 p.m. on many Thursdays the bar area of The Annex restaurant on

Princeton's Nassau Street is enlivened by the arrival of Lambert and other illustrious SI regulars—Mike Ramos, John Huehnergath, Arnold Roth—and one or two other local artists. The Thursday Group has been in existence for about seven years, though it is periodically decimated by its members' out-of-town assignments.

Lunch takes a long time; the talk is art talk, and, as John Huehnergath, who illustrated Barry McDermott's article on the dunk shot (page 20), says, "You know how the electrical sparks begin to fly when such creative types gather." More seriously, Huehnergath says of his colleague's work, "Saul never offers a true interpretation of the text. His illustrations lean toward fine art, are more art than illustration."

That is in keeping with the Lambert who had in mind for himself a career as a serious painter but, tired of being hungry, began to accept commercial work. Obviously, a man who can change from a giraffe to an antelope (or hind) would be this flexible.



ANTELOPE LAMBERT, BY HUEHNERGATH

Sack Meyers

Shopwalk

by JOE JARES

YOU CAN LEAVE THE OLD BAG AT HOME, THANKS TO A GOLF-CLUB RENTAL PLAN

As is well known, the game of golf is frustrating—putts won't drop, drives won't stay in the fairway. As is equally well known, there is nothing more frustrating than having an airline lose your golf clubs or more annoying than lugging them around airports. Golfer Ken George, 39, has enough trouble with his own shots, without worrying about anybody else's, but he thinks he has come up with the perfect solution for traveling golfers who want to avoid hassles and hernias. His new outfit, Golf Rental Inc., intends to become the Hertz/Avis/National of golf by renting "professional quality equipment" at major airports around the world.

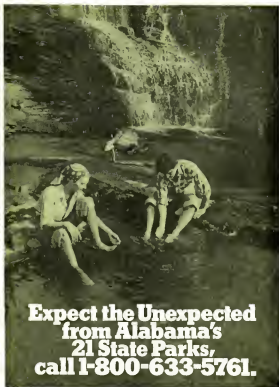
Golf Rental already has offices near airports in Honolulu, Los Angeles, Palm Springs, Phoenix, Monterey, Las Vegas and San Diego, and in five Florida cities: Fort Lauderdale, Miami, Tampa, Orlando and West Palm Beach. The company has almost as many slogans as locations, including "Traveling golfers can now lose 40 pounds on their next trip" and "On your next trip, leave the old bag at home."

George, who used to be vice-president of marketing services for Munsingwear, has been so busy setting things up that he has neglected his own game. "I probably have more golf clubs in my name than any man on earth who doesn't get to play golf," he says. He claims there are 16 million golfers in the U.S., and that six million golf, or golf-related, trips were made in 1975. To lure those travelers away from using their own equipment while out of town, Golf Rental has contracted for clubs with MacGregor (Jack Nicklaus VIP's), Ben Hogan (Apex and Princess), Lynx (U.S.A. and Tigress), Wilson (Staff and 1200), and Spalding (Centurion). They are available with both stiff and regular shafts, and there are clubs for women and left-handers, as well. Customers may choose from five different styles of putters and from a variety of professional-size bags. The cost: \$10 per day, \$25 for a three-day weekend, \$40 a week.

Most pro shops rent clubs, so why should a traveler switch to Golf Rental? "Because of superior selection," says George, and apparently a lot of travelers are availing themselves of the service "because we're swamped. We can hardly keep clubs in stock in Honolulu."

Golf Rental has its headquarters in Inglewood, Calif., at 9710 South La Cienega Blvd., 90301 and has a toll-free number—(800) 421-2056. California residents must call (213) 670-7000.

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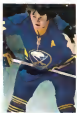
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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

HOME TO ROOST

George Allen's approach to his personnel needs has always been, "The future is now." He has ignored the college draft in favor of acquiring older, experienced players, and traded away future draft choices with abandon to get them. The Redskins have not had a first-round pick since they selected Jim (Yazoo) Smith of Oregon in 1967. They have no choices left in the first three rounds for 1977 and 1978, and for the following two years, they have only three altogether. His critics say Allen has mortgaged the Redskins' future. Allen has always responded by pointing to success.

But starting now, Allen is going to have to deal with a future of his own making. It all has to do with the modified version of the Rozelle Rule that is part of the new NFL contract. To review, the original rule provided that when a club signed a free agent—one who had played out his option—it had to compensate his former club. If the teams could not agree upon the compensation, Pete Rozelle imposed one.

The modification of the rule in the new contract was designed to eliminate Rozelle's role. From now on, compensation is to be in the form of predetermined choices in the current year's draft. If a team offers a free agent an annual salary of \$50,000 to \$65,000, it must compensate his former team with a third-round draft choice; \$65,000 to \$75,000, with a second; \$75,000 to \$125,000, a first; \$125,000 to \$200,000, a first and a second; and more than \$200,000, a first in two consecutive years.

Allen says, "Rules and changes don't affect success. The winners will still win and the losers will still lose. The new agreement is not going to change my philosophy of my program one bit."

Perhaps. But in order to deal with his favorite kind of player, a free agent like Charles Young, Harold Jackson, Ron Jaworski or Brad Van Pelt, Allen must have draft choices in hand—first-round draft choices, not fourth, 10th, 11th and 12th,

which are all he has right now for the 1977 draft in May. George Allen may have dealt himself right out of the game.

A SPECIAL GENUIS

A big spool of red tape for bureaucratic creativity goes this week to the NCAA, which announced, in a letter to the College Sports Information Directors of America, that it has just initiated a "Committee on Committees subcommittee."

THE LATEST SHOW

Seven years ago Wilfrid Sheed reviewed for SI a baseball documentary called *The Glory of Their Times*. He called it "one of the best sports documentaries yet compiled," but hardly anybody except a few critics like Sheed ever got to see it. The film, inspired by Lawrence S. Ritter's 1966 book of the same name and produced by Bud Greenspan, who did the recent 10-part series on the Olympics, was intended for television. It is an hour-long compilation of rare motion-picture footage, still photographs and newspaper headlines accompanied by recorded recollections of old-time players like Fred Snodgrass and Rube Marquard and public figures like William Jennings Bryan and Woodrow Wilson. As narrator Alexander Scourby says at the start, "It is the story of what it was like and how it felt to be a baseball player at the turn of the century."

The Glory of Their Times is a low-keyed, tasteful and edifying evocation of a special period of American history and the TV networks would have nothing to do with it—not without the addition of 1) Joe Garagiola, 2) *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* and 3) Babe Ruth's 714th home run for the 714th time. Said Greenspan in 1969, "I knew I was in trouble when they said they wished it was in color."

But the story has a happy ending after all. Public Broadcasting is showing *The Glory of Their Times* on the PBS network March 6 through 22. We are

finally getting to see Fred Merkle's bonthead play in the 1908 Series and Christy Mathewson throwing his celebrated fadeaway. Listen closely and you can hear Rube Marquard chuckling and saying, "Muggsy McGraw couldn't lick a stamp."

It was worth the wait.

FIT TO BE TIED

From the moment it became clear that Grand Forks Central and Grand Forks Red River were going to meet in the finals of the North Dakota state high school hockey tournament, everybody knew the game was going to be a shoot-out. The schools are the only two in town and, nat-



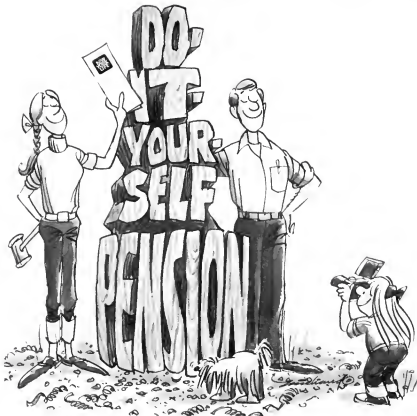
urally, bitter rivals with many scores to settle. Going in, Central's record was 14-10-1, Red River's was 18-5-1; and Central had won two of the three times they had met.

The tournament game began at 8:32 p.m. Saturday in front of a packed house. At 12:31 a.m. Sunday—almost four hours and eight overtimes later—with the score still 1-1, the North Dakota High School Activities Association, "in consideration of the welfare of the players," ruled the game and the championship a draw, and with the still full house cheering wildly, once-bitter rivals fell into each other's arms exhausted and laughing.

BEGINNING OF THE END

Dr. John B. Anderson was the head physician on the U.S. Olympic Committee for the Montreal Games. In an article in *Frontiers*, the quarterly magazine of the

continued



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Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, he predicts that though 1984 will come, the 1984 Olympics will not. "I cannot but wonder if we are creating a medical Olympic Games which will probably lead to their demise," he writes.

Anderson contends that the increase in sophistication of sex manipulation through testosterone injections between the 1972 and 1976 Olympics outstripped the capabilities of testing methods, and that the same situation will continue into 1980.

"The cost of sex testing is astronomical," Anderson writes. "Between \$2 million and \$3 million per Olympiad. Each potential contestant must be screened at a cost of \$15; if any questions arise, the further tests cost \$50 to \$75."

Speaking of female swimmers and gymnasts, Anderson says, "The extent of masculinizing effects can be precisely controlled through sex-hormone manipulation. Thus a female athlete can be biologically engineered for her specialty. This is apparently being done in some Eastern bloc nations." To Anderson the next logical step is gene manipulation.

In the end, though, he is an optimist. He thinks that in 1980 the world in general and athletes in particular are going to look around, size things up and say, enough is enough—and that will be the end of the Olympics.

Maybe. But athletes, coaches and nations, in particular, don't like to lose. A congress of West German sports physicians met in Freiburg last October and condoned the limited use of anabolic steroids. The USOC has established a panel of medical and sports experts to study, among other topics, the uses and effects of the steroids. The panel has not committed itself one way or the other, but a trend spotter would say the U.S. is headed in the same direction as the West Germans.

The end of the Olympics is predicted as often these days as the death of the theater, but for better or worse, every few years there's another *A Chorus Line* and another Olympics.

LIFE ON THE BACK BURNER

Conn Smythe, the retired owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs (why isn't it Leaves?), once said, "Hockey must be a great game to survive the people who run it."

For years the NHL survived its leadership very well. But lately the league is

beset with declining attendance, revenue, interest and prospects for a network TV contract.

There is no single solution to hockey's problems, but a dynamo of a new league president wouldn't hurt, and Clarence Campbell would be first in line to welcome him. Campbell is 71 years old, has been the president of the NHL for 31 years and has been trying to retire since 1973. But the committee of four owners that named itself to search for a replacement for Campbell has not come up with a single candidate of note in a year of deliberation.

Meanwhile, Campbell works on. Last week he spent a day in the league's New York office, listening to opposing views in the matter of Carol Vadnais (N.Y. Rangers) swinging sticks at Garry Howatt (N.Y. Islanders) and Orest Kindrachuk (Philadelphia). With disaster looming on all sides—only about a third of the 18 NHL teams will break even this year—Campbell's entire day was devoted to handing down a five-game suspension to Vadnais.

Campbell has served the NHL long and well. Now he should be accorded the respect due an elder statesman and hockey's burdens should pass to younger, stronger shoulders.

FALL FROM RICHES

Also suspended last week was Jockey Willie Shoemaker, who got his five-day sentence from the Santa Anita stewards for permitting his mount, Rise To Riches, to drift out and cause interference. After 26 years, 30,183 rides and who knows how many suspensions, Shoemaker takes such setbacks in stride.

This setback, however, could not have come at a worse time. Shoe had to miss Saturday's \$150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields, the \$273,550 Santa Anita Handicap on Sunday (in which he was to ride heavily favored King Pellinore). Monday's split Florida Derby at Gulfstream, worth \$233,000, and the opening of Hialeah. No one could remember a greater potential loss of earnings for a jockey. The big losers, though, are the owners who thought they had hired the best rider in the business.

MINUS ONE

The University of Maryland at Baltimore County defeated Loyola College of Baltimore recently in a dual wrestling

meet, 51 to —1. To come up with that rare score Loyola had to lose all 10 of its matches and one argument with the referee.

PROMO

Last week NBC-TV ran an ad in *The New York Times* announcing its weekend coverage of the Florida Citrus Open. It was illustrated by a picture of Jack Nicklaus in full swing. Nicklaus was not entered in the Citrus; in fact, he never plays the Citrus anymore. A few weeks earlier, CBS ran a brief filmed commercial previewing its telecast of the Phoenix Open. Prominent in the promo was a film clip of the Nicklaus swing. Nicklaus does not play Phoenix, either: the clip was from last year's Masters.

What is regrettable about these incidents, apart from the question of ethics, is that viewers who tune in to see the world's greatest golfer and discover he is not entered are more likely to wind up annoyed with Nicklaus than ticked off at the network backsters.

THEY SAID IT

● Gary Player, golfer and rancher: "I have six kids and 100 quarter horses to feed, and I'm not sure which group eats the most."

● Rick Jones, pitching prospect for the Seattle Mariners, on spring training: "Heck, putting on a uniform, jumping around in the dirt and getting paid for it just ain't work."

● Julius Erving, when Red Auerbach observed that he keeps one eye on the basket and one eye on his man: "I keep both eyes on my man. The basket hasn't moved on me yet."

● Mack Calvin, Denver guard who is with his eighth team in eight pro seasons: "I feel like a boll weevil, always looking for a home."

● Frank Lane, baseball scout, on the trade of Rick Monday from the Cubs to the Dodgers: "Monday got about \$125,000 from the Cubs last season and struck out 125 times. He got paid \$1,000 a strikeout. This year he'll probably get \$250,000 from the Dodgers, which means he's gotten a raise to \$2,000 a strikeout."

● Calvin Murphy, Houston guard, on sinking free throws in front of hostile crowds: "The most beautiful sight in the world is that ball fading through the net, then the sudden silence. It's like taking on 15,000 people at once and beating them all."

Smooth away harsh taste
with extra coolness.
Come up to KOOL.



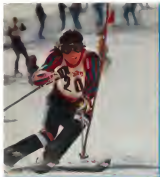
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Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Dec. '76

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 14, 1977

THEY DOUBLED



THE PLEASURE

The Mahre twins got it all together at Sun Valley and what had been a dismal World Cup season turned glorious for the U.S. by William Oscar Johnson

Mirror-image smiles were flashed by the 19-year-old brothers Mahre following Phil's (No. 20) victory and Steve's third-place finish in the slalom.



CONTINUED

The winter had been extraordinarily grim on the World Cup ski racing circuit—a killing heavy schedule of races, rain in the Arlberg, rain in the Dolomites, race cancellations, despair over whether the lack of snow in the Western U.S. would allow any races to be held there at all. Morale on the U.S. squad was particularly low. Cindy Nelson, the Olympic bronze medal downhill and women's team leader, had broken her ankle in January and predicted good performances by the male racers did not materialize. All in all, it was a wan and dispirited international troupe that wandered into Sun Valley last week—only to find that usually radiant place had been turned into a veritable ghost town by the snowless winter.

Then, in a few dazzling moments of racing, all that was turned around. Sun Valley suddenly beamed anew, the whole World Cup circus seemed revitalized. And for the first time in years, American fans found themselves cheering wildly over not one, but two young men who seem destined for stardom.

The Mahre twins—Phil and Steve, 19, of White Pass, Wash.—had arrived, with matched sunburst smiles and identical hell-for-leather skiing techniques that electrified everything around them. In a triumph probably unprecedented for brothers in ski race history—and certainly unique for identical twins—Phil finished first and Steve third in the slalom. Between them was the young Swede, Ingemar Stenmark, the 1976 World Cup winner and the apparently unbeatable leader once again this season.

To put the twins' feat in proper perspective: it was Phil's second World Cup victory in his second season of competition and no American man has ever won more than two races in an entire career. As for Steve, he did not even join the U.S. team until January and by last week had put in less snow time than an average hard-skiing weekend visitor to Great Gorge, N.J. It was, as U.S. Alpine director Hank Tauber said with immense understatement, "amazing."

The incipient stardom of the Mahres appears to promise a shot of new energy in the World Cup, and it is badly needed. An air of inevitability had crept into the men's 31-race series this bleak season. Stenmark, 20, skiing with his usual

liquid power, had dominated the slalom, winning five straight races in January. The premier downhill, Franz Klammer, 22, had continued his Olympic gold medal heroics by winning six of seven downhill—this despite the devastating fact that his 18-year-old brother Klaus had been paralyzed as a result of an accident in a downhill event last month in Austria. Heini Hemmi, 28, the Swiss gold medalist in the giant slalom, had pretty much had his way in that event.

When the races began at Sun Valley last Friday the competition for the overall title was between Klammer with 195 points and Stenmark with 194, trailed by Klaus Heidegger, an Austrian newcomer, with 184. But the closeness of the standings was misleading: Klammer had only two downhill remaining in the 1977 schedule while Stenmark had six more races in which he might be expected to gain points.

One surprising, and typically negative, occurrence was the sudden collapse of the Italian men's team. It had been a powerhouse for some half a dozen years behind the splendid skiing of Gustavo Thoeni, a four-time World Cup winner, but this season the entire Italian team had but one victory. Because there are no new stars on the horizon, it seems likely that the Italians are on the brink of following the once dazzling French team into oblivion.

Now the question is whether the Mahre twins might move the American men's team into the vacuum left by the Italians. U.S. men never have been consistently competitive. Only Billy Kidd and Tyler Palmer were able to win as many as two World Cup races in their careers; beyond that only Greg Jones and Bobby Cochran won even one. This season Phil Mahre started off with a rush, winning the giant slalom at Val d'Isère early in December. Then, inexplicably, he and the team went flat. "We thought it was really coming, but it just didn't happen," Phil says. "We never got it together and it was a really tough winter." Hank Tauber says, "We tried to be patient. We knew it was just a matter of time. Some of our people just weren't doing what they should, but we knew it had to happen eventually—especially with the Mahres."

Ever since they came to national attention as a pair of wildfire 15-year-olds in junior competition, their promise was breathtaking. Graham Anderson, first

vice-president of the U.S. Ski Education Fund and a U.S. Ski Team official for many years, says flatly, "The Mahre twins are the best prospects this country has ever had."

They started skiing as toddlers at the White Pass ski area, which is managed by their father. All nine Mahre children skied, but their father, Dave, never pushed or pressured the kids to compete. "Our brothers and sisters quit racing to go to school," says Steve. "Right now we've quit school to go racing, but we might change that if racing isn't enjoyable anymore. Our dad just says we should do what we want."

"They are fiercely independent, yet show a remarkable sensitivity toward other people," Tauber says. "They finish a race, but they don't leave like a lot of racers. They stay at the bottom, talking to the press as long as anyone wants to, and congratulating other racers, telling younger kids and less talented kids how well they did." Last fall the twins split on their preferences for this season. Phil joined the U.S. team, but Steve stayed home in remote and largely snowless White Pass. "I thought I maybe wanted to go to school to learn to be a mechanic," he says. "Then I wondered if I could ever spend eight hours a day inside and not get outdoors. Finally in December I decided I better go back to racing even though I don't like training much and I don't like being away from home." Had he felt a lot of pressure from ski team officials or sponsors? "No, I felt pressure from myself," he says. "The team and K-2 [a ski manufacturer] and everyone had done so much for me, I figured I had to repay them some of it."

Both are now being paid well into five figures for racing, and they often appear in advertisements. The money and the fame are gratifying, but, "Well, we've always had to work for money," says Phil, "and sometimes getting it for skiing—which I enjoy—I have to ask if I'm worth it. Money's welcome, but it's not the reason I ski. I ski because I enjoy it." Adds Steve, "The average person on the street sees us as celebrities—as skiers, not as human beings. Being popular like that doesn't mean much to me. I'm no different than the next guy. We get letters from 18-year-old girls who say, 'I love you' and junk like that. I couldn't really like anyone like that, someone who notices you only because you're a skier."

Both insist they are hometown mountain boys at heart, that they would rather spend time at a motocross race or shooting baskets with their high school pals—who long ago nicknamed them “Wuss” and “Puss”—than with most anyone else in the world.

However homespun their attitudes may be, their ski technique is highly polished. They race with a dash and daring that Steve describes as “hanging right on the little thin edge between where you make a perfect turn as fast as you can go and where you blow away all over the course.” Besides riding that razor’s edge, the twins also have remarkably sharp eyes for picking the straightest line down a slalom course. Both wear contact lenses, yet as Tauber says, “They’ve got the eyes of bullfighters. When they come to what we call ‘flushes’—those three-gate combinations—they can line up the gates and go through practically without turning. They straighten them out better than almost anyone on the tour.”

Still, when the men’s slalom began in Sun Valley last Saturday morning, there was no real reason to hope that the twins would excel. “I really didn’t think I was skiing all that well,” said Steve. Phil had suffered excruciating back spasms two weeks before. But after the first run, both were in strong contention. Phil was in third place behind Heidegger and Stenmark. Steve was fifth.

It was a magnificent, sunny day and the disastrous pall of this dry winter seemed to lift from Sun Valley at last. As the time for the second run approached, the crowd began to come alive along the flat but fast course of man-made snow. On that second run Stenmark skied what he said was “a run with no mistakes,” clocking 52.69 seconds, 1:47.24 for the race. Six racers later, Steve Mahre burst out of the start and roared down the course.

Now the crowd began to shout. “I could hear them,” said Steve. “And I could tell that it was an American crowd. In Europe, they holler ‘hup! hup!’ and the sound is real low. Here, I could hear all kinds of yips and high-pitched cheers. It was great.” Perhaps buoyed by that American sound, Steve flashed across the line in 52.95, which put him second to Stenmark with a 1:47.64.

Then it was Heidegger’s turn. In overall World Cup competition, the 19-year-old Austrian was Stenmark’s most worrisome rival. Had he won, or even come

close, Heidegger might still have stolen the cup from Stenmark. But he crashed high on the course, and that accident all but guaranteed the Swede his second straight championship.

As Stenmark stood at the finish area, he seemed so certain a winner that two members of the Austrian women’s squad, Monika Kaserer and Annemarie Moser-Pröell, rushed over to congratulate him. Stenmark shook his head and gazed back up the course. “There is one more coming,” he said.

“Who?” they said.

“Phil Mahre,” said Stenmark.

And then came Phil, starting 15th. In the first run he had started in the 20th spot, and the course had begun to break up under the pounding, showing sharp gouges and ruts left by previous skiers. This time it was not as choppy. Staying low, snapping his shoulder against pole after pole as he charged through the turns, Phil clocked a faster interval time than Stenmark.

Now the crowd hooted and whistled. Rising sound followed Phil as he flashed down the hill. When he crossed the finish, there was an expectant lull in the cheering. He’d come down in 52.56. When the announcer declared him the winner in 1:47.15, the mountainside fairly shook with sound—American sound.

The next day it looked for a time as if twin lightning might strike again. After the first run of the giant slalom Steve was in 11th place, Phil in second—but a bit more than a full second behind Stenmark. Alas, another miracle was not to be. Past the midway point on his second run, Phil skidded, fell momentarily onto one hip, then righted himself. But he had lost too much time. Stenmark took first place with a 2:32.36, followed by another brother act, Christian and Heini Hemmi. When the event was over Phil had fin-

ished eighth, and his brother was 14th.

In the women’s competition, Lise-Marie Moreod, the striking Swiss slalomist, all but locked up the overall World Cup with a narrow giant slalom victory over Canada’s Kathy Kreiner and—a delightful surprise—Abbi Fisher, 19, of South Conway, N.H., who finished third. In the other women’s race the petite French 16-year-old, Perrine Pelen, won her third slalom of the year.

As the World Cup troupe left Sun Valley, there were still three weeks of racing ahead. There would likely be more rain, more acrobatics, more scheduling chaos. And for Sun Valley this winter would forever be remembered as one of nature’s cruelest blows. But anyone who witnessed the performances of the Mahre twins—and basked in the radiance of their smiles—could not help but believe that hope springs eternal, that life can be beautiful and that, sometimes, very good things come in twos. **END**

Stenmark's first and second virtually assured him another title



OUT ON THE VERGE, BUT FAR FROM FOOLISH

Some may think that a 54-year-old grandmother who takes up offshore racing is being absurd, but after a single season Betty Cook leads the men a merry chase

by Douglas S. Looney

I flunked PTA." Betty Cook was saying. "My cupcakes were very bad." That is understandable, because life's ordinary pursuits have never charmed her; her view of the universe often has been slightly askew of the norm. All of which is not to put down those who make cupcakes and fret about the edges getting too brown or whether the little boys at school will eat the cakes with the pink paper around them. "The point is," says Cook, "it is no fun to do what everybody else has done."

That explains what a nice lady like this—indeed, what a 54-year-old grandmother like this—is doing at the wheel of something as potentially nasty as a very macho powerboat, racing in oceans for hundreds of miles at speeds into the 90s. And, as happened last weekend off Newport Beach, Calif., winning. Just before her triumph, however, Cook confessed,

"I'm probably supercautious. To win, you usually have to hang it on the ragged edge, right out there on the verge of being foolish. I can't do that. So it's more important to me to finish than to win." Somewhere Vince Lombardi is holding his head.

By winning the Bushmills Grand Prix, the third of 10 events for the North American offshore championship, Cook became the leading driver. She dealt with all manner of problems in the chaotic 193.49-mile journey, including a male competitor (they all are) who was thought to be the winner—until some evidence emerged that he had unknowingly cut through a few vacant lots and jumped several fences en route to the finish. While the sport can be wilder than mountain scenery, it wasn't Saturday as the Pacific straightened up and, for the most part, looked like a bathtub with no

more ripples than those caused by a rubber duck. Still, ocean racing is never a piece of cake.

"One thing that helps," says Cook, "is that I don't have a male ego to feed." It's that lack that enables Betty to confess she knows nothing of engines ("There could be five rabbits in there for all I know"), that her throttleman, John Connor, and navigator, Don Holloway, are the keys ("I am the steerer. I do what they say") and that being in this sport was no life's dream ("All this comes as quite a surprise to me").

But it is her money, and offshore powerboating is outrageously expensive. Boats cost about \$100,000 each and that's only an opener. For example, Rocky Aoki, winner at Newport Beach last year, says he spends about \$400,000 annually on the sport. Others place their costs at perhaps half that. Whatever, Betty Cook spends a bunch to race; about \$15,000 to run in the Bushmills alone. Her first-place prize money was \$2,975. Oh, yes, and near the finish, one of the boat's two engines blew. A replacement costs \$6,000.

For Cook, dollars are hardly a concern. Her husband Paul had the good sense to get involved with plastic years ago when everyone was laughing at the synthetic. The Cooks now have a charter fishing fleet, a small airline and a farm in Mexico that grows mostly soybeans, which come in handy for feeding their cattle on a ranch in Baja. Not long ago, miffed because bad weather often kept them off their tennis court during the winter, they built an indoor tennis club.

So, O.K., ocean powerboating racing is a toy and often a tax write-off for the rich. It is also an exacting endeavor in which the idea is to keep as much of the boat as possible out of the water and bitter frustration is the norm. Little did Betty Cook know where she was heading back in May 1974, when she was urged to enter a minor 60-mile event and won her class.

Going into Saturday's race, she was given little chance of finishing in front. Not because she can't compete (she had been as high as second in a big race and finished sixth overall last year in her first season) but because she had a new boat. The



Cook and her crew gunned away from the Bushmills start, gained the lead near Catalina, then ran into trouble

craft is a 38-foot, 1,250-horsepower Scarab named *Kaama*, after an African antelope. Cook's old boat, a tunnel hull, was *Kudu*, another sort of antelope. Betty does a lot of crossword puzzles. Further, a new boat generally has more bugs than a June night in Chattanooga.

The day before the race, the weather was windy and the water choppy, perfect conditions for a heavy hull, like that driven by the current U.S. champ, Joel Halpern of Bronxville, N.Y. But smooth waters have their special wonders, too. Most particularly, they encourage crews to push the throttles to the wall and run there all day. The engines don't like that much. The early leader was Sandy Sattullo in *Copper Kettle*. Down the coast toward San Diego, Cook and crew were second. Already slapped down by fate was Preston Hens of Pompano, Fla., a drive-in movie entrepreneur who at 46 also is a grandparent but insists, "If I felt like a grandfather, I wouldn't race." He ran about five minutes before a stern drive went out.

For the leg out to Catalina, Bob Nordskog, 63, another grandfather who three days before the race had been thrown out of his boat on a demonstration run, challenged in a new 39-foot *Cigarette*. But there was a look of death about his craft as it was obviously unable to get up to its accustomed power. Cook was first to make it the 26 miles across the sea, and was immediately troubled by being unable to find the checkpoint boat. So she circled every boat in view to be sure before heading back. By this time, *Copper Kettle* was choking and Halpern's *Beep Beep* had smoke swirling up through the front. Neither is considered a healthy sign. Cook kept zipping along. Dead in the water was Aoki, sitting despondently and staring at his \$11,000 watch and fingering his \$12,000 sapphire ring.

Almost unnoticed, the front-runners were being challenged by Billy Martin, a furniture dealer from New Jersey, in *Bounty Hunter*, a boat notorious for engine problems. So notorious that Martin had elected to drop 200 horsepower before the race to ease mechanical pressures. Martin plunged and leaped along, throttling the boat and leaving the driving to a crew member. Nearing the shore, Martin got lost, roared in among some spectator boats but got back on course. He had not missed any checkpoints, not hit anything, and soon was waving and



After being disqualified for missing a checkpoint, Billy Martin surrenders the flag to Granny Cook

looking backward at the rest of the field. Thumbs were up on *Bounty Hunter*.

Cook was a minute behind. Earlier she had momentarily lost control of her boat, coming upon two whales and swerving at the last minute. Whales had been a concern because it was migration time. Later, a pleasure boat got within a few feet of Cook. "It wasn't really close," said navigator Holloway. "We missed them by five feet." Meanwhile, Martin kept on waving and looking unsteady.

But at the 12th of the 14 checkpoints, officials on the watching boat never saw Martin; they did see Cook. Then, four miles from the finish, an engine on the Cook boat blew. Holloway frantically jumped down among the engines but throttleman Connor signaled him forward. Connor's thinking was that since the boat was still going, albeit at 60 mph instead of 80 or so, Holloway's weight on the bow would be enough to keep the boat on plane and avoid the time-consuming standard remedy—switching propeller blades so the boat could run effectively on one engine. Sprawled on the nose of *Kaama*, Holloway hung on as the proud boat limped and stumbled along, at times at 10 mph.

Elsewhere, Billy Martin had pulled over the finish line (24 minutes ahead of Cook) with "five drops of fuel left." was given the checkered flag, posed for winning pictures with the sponsors and drank champagne. Then the race committee met and heard Martin insist he not only had circled the proper checkpoint, he had nearly hit the boat. It was Martin's own

testimony that hurt, for he described two oil rigs and the rigs were at the wrong buoy. Further, officials calculated that for Martin to have taken the proper route, as he claimed he did, he would have had to average, in that stretch, better than 120 mph. Not likely, since nobody ever has hit more than 95 mph, much less averaged that speed.

Some three hours after the race had concluded, Martin walked down to the water and congratulated Cook, turning over the checkered flag. Then he yanked his boat away from the dock and swore his forever goodbys to ocean racing. Sadly, this was the third time Martin thought he had won a race within the last year, only to have it taken away from him for an infraction.

Halpern ended up second, after babying his left engine for 160 miles, and Joe Ippolito from Point Pleasant, N.J., was third in his *Cigarette*.

Somebody also objected to Cook's win (time: 2 hours 46 minutes; average speed 69.9 mph) because of Holloway's unusual riding position at the end, but what he did was legal. Holloway is accustomed to adversity. Once in a race in Florida, he had to swim to shore for parts.

Meanwhile, on her yacht in the harbor, the drinks were flowing, the phone was ringing and Betty Cook was looking at the splendor of the night. "You know, it's not really what other people think of you," she said, "but what you know about yourself." And what Cook knows is that she's awful at cupcakes, wonderful at racing and one tough grandmother. **END**

CLASSIC WIN FOR A PRECOCIOUS PUP

He will not be two years old until Saint Patrick's Day, but a red brindle named Downing was too much dog in the final of the World Greyhound Classic at Hollywood, Fla.—flying first out of the box and charging home by five lengths **by Pat Putnam**



By the time they got around to running the final $\frac{3}{8}$ ths of a mile of the \$115,000 World Greyhound Classic at the posh Hollywood, Fla. track last Saturday night, the "world" had been narrowed to eight American dogs, although two of them boasted long and illustrious Irish bloodlines. No matter. As Tommy Lynch, the track's general manager and resident wit, said, "When you send seven guys out to face a firing squad, who checks passports?"

Prosifying Lynch's metaphor, a large, rambunctious puppy name of Downing was the favorite, so much so that in the eyes of the record 12,859 fans who turned out for the third running of the race, the other seven entries might have been alley-bred mongrels from Missoula. Which says a lot about a greyhound which won't be two years old until Saint Patrick's Day, and one that just seven weeks ago was making the second start of his career, in a Grade D race.

As a matter of fact, Downing was running in the Classic almost by accident. The red-brindle 75-pounder had won his

maiden race by 19 lengths on Jan. 11, and had come back three days later for a 12-length romp in his first Grade D start. In Florida greyhound racing, when a dog wins he is usually stepped up in class, from maiden to the D and on up the alphabet to Grade A. By the same token, three straight finishes out of the money drops a dog a class. By normal progression, Downing's next start would have been in a C race, and that is where his owner, Jim Frey of Sarasota, Fla., fully intended him to run.

Frey, 42, a former college baseball player from Waco, Texas, has been racing greyhounds full time since 1963. He knows well the penalty for moving a promising dog up too soon. "From a pure business standpoint you just don't do it," he said. "A dog can lose his confidence, especially a young dog who gets rolled or tumbled hard in the first turn, and he just won't run anymore."

But late in January, Frey got a call from Lynch, who was trying to fill out the Classic field. In 1975, for the first Classic, there had been 64 entries, half

of them from foreign nations, although as it turned out, the Spanish contingent had never been any closer to Madrid than Biscayne Boulevard. Last year the stakes drew 56 entries, 18 of them foreign. For this Classic, five of the 48 dogs nominated were foreign, but only one of them made it as far as the semifinal round.

The problem is time. It takes from 90 to 120 days for a foreign dog to become acclimated to race well in the U.S. "And then, with the archaic six-month quarantine laws of England and Ireland, once a dog is here, here he has to stay," says Perrine (Gootsie) Palmer, the track's top executive and a former mayor of Miami.

At the urging of American owners, none of whom relished the idea of sharing prize money with owners of inferior foreign dogs, Hollywood last year changed the conditions for the Classic. The first year there had been a foreign and a U.S. division, with four dogs from each division making it to the final. Along the way a lot of fine American dogs were eliminated, and some not-so-fine foreign dogs made it to the final.

"Last year we decided to lump them all together and let the best make it to the final," Palmer said. "It cost us a lot of foreign entries. Now we are going to have to work some more on the conditions, maybe running separate divisions up to the semifinal rounds."

And so, looking to beef up the slender Classic field, Lynch called Frey, who hadn't seen Downing win his two Hollywood starts. "Frankly we are short on dogs," Lynch said. "The fans have really taken to Downing. Would you consider running him in the World Classic?"

Lynch was asking for help. A decent man, Frey asked, "How many races would he have to run before he gets eliminated?"

"Just three," Lynch said.

"O.K.," said Frey. "I don't think three races will bruise his ego that much."

For Frey, it was a big gamble. He already had turned down \$10,000 for the dog. Still, he knew Downing wasn't lacking in aggressiveness.

"He's got to be first in whatever he does: first to eat, first to be put to bed, first one let out," Frey says. "If another dog even comes up alongside of him, he'll shove him, trying to put him down. But he's not a mean dog. He's a beautiful extrovert, just a big docile lovable puppy around the kennel. Herb Beasley, who trains him, says he can't get rid of him. He follows Herb everywhere, even into his apartment. Herb lies down, the dog lies down right beside him."

So with some trepidation, Frey and Beasley sent Downing to the post in the first of three elimination races. Those would be followed by three quarterfinals and three semifinals. After each round, the greyhounds would advance—or be eliminated—on a point scale.

In his first elimination Downing won by a half length. He romped in his next three races, and was being acclaimed a superdog.

"Hold on," said Beasley, a cautious man, even though he has been married nine times. "He's a good dog but I don't know if he's a great dog. A great dog can come from behind. He can pass on either side. Downing never has had to do any of those things. He's always led from start to finish. I'm not going to get too high on him until I can see what he does when he has to come from behind. He had a great father, Big Whizzer, who had

a lot of early speed but couldn't win from behind. We hope Downing didn't inherit that characteristic."

In his fifth Classic start, disaster struck. Bumped badly coming out of the box, Downing was hit hard again on the first turn. Just loping, he finished a poor sixth. "Now I guess we'll see what the dog's made of," said Frey. Beasley nodded in agreement.

Downing ran his last quarterfinal on Feb. 19. It was like old times: his break wasn't the best, but in four strides he was going full bore and by the first turn he was in the lead. He held on to win in 30.35, just .03 of a second off the track record. Downing then breezed through the three semifinals. "The only thing that might beat that dog now is a cheetah," said Lynch, "and we aren't going to let any of those cats on the track."

"The guy I'm happy for is Tommy Lynch," said Frey. "Ever since I entered the dog he's been sweating that something might happen. He's been more worried than I've been."

No one was worried after the draw for the final post positions. Downing

drew the inside box and when Arkle's Gift, an Irish import trained by Ray Randle, who was expected to give Downing his strongest challenge, drew the outside box, it was all over.

Only four months older than Downing, Arkle's Gift had been something of a sensation himself. Earlier in the season he had won the Hollywoodian stakes at the same track over the 1/8ths-of-a-mile course. Then, dropping down to the 1/16ths course, he had won five of his nine Classic starts.

In the final, Downing broke well on top and led Arkle's Gift by a length coming out of the first turn. Down the backstretch Randle's dog made his challenge, and as the pair flew through the third turn, Arkle's Gift saw a hole inside and went for it. Suddenly Arkle's Gift was stumbling. Some said he had hit the rail. Others said one of his rear legs had cramped. Still others maintained he had hit a soft spot in the track. Downing didn't really care what had happened. When he crossed the finish line five lengths in front, he was already looking for Beasley to follow around.

END



Travis Beasley beams on the "big docile lovable puppy" after his \$30,000 run in the World Classic

DUNKERS ARE STRUTTING THEIR STUFFS

When those flying young men slam the ball, the rim quivers, the backboard vibrates and fans go wild by Barry McDermott

Many people applaud it as the most spectacular shot in basketball, although purists warn that it is dangerous and gauche. Pure or impure, the dunk is back from its Rip Van Winkle in the NCAA's closet, but what is it back as? Entertainment? A frivolous footnote? College basketball's version of swine flu?

Prohibition forced the dunk into the speakeasies of the playgrounds when it was outlawed in 1967, but now that it is again legal, everyone is bellying up to the rim and slamming down a shot. Players today are fitter and stronger and jump higher, and many teams have dunkers down to the 12th man. Alabama's 5' 9", 141-pound freshman guard, Kent Loney, can slam with two hands. The University of Louisville Cardinals call themselves the Doctors of Dunk. A subculture is developing around the shot, and fans are discussing its practitioners the way they might compare All-America candidates.

Debate about the dunk is nothing new. Its mystique is such that when the NCAA reinstated it this season, but continued to ban it in pre-game warmups, the advocates cried that was like giving them the cake without the ice cream. Conservatives, meanwhile, warned that it was only a matter of time before someone named Elevator Risin' would spray a crowd with shrapnel from a shattered backboard. What has happened, of course, is a little of this, a little of that. The dunk has won some and lost some.

Most people see the dunk as a statement of sorts, like driving a sports car or wearing denim to the office. Coaches, concerned only with statements that produce W's, are ambivalent, but players love it, probably because entire groups, such as little old ladies and jockeys, cannot do it. Says Jerome Whitehead, Marquette's 6' 10" center, who hung on the rim at Drake and almost pulled down the entire basket and backboard, "It's the shot that expresses the dominance of the big man—an expression like wanting to kill somebody. To beat them bad." And as for destroying a backboard, that might be the ultimate expression, claims Tennessee All-America Ernie Grunfeld. "I've never seen the backboard shattered, but I've always want-





ed to do it," he says. No wonder Chuck Neinas, the Big Eight commissioner, sent out an urgent memo before the season's start, instructing teams to have a spare backboard and goal at each game.

Injuries have occurred, but have not affected the dunk's popularity. Clint Richardson of Seattle suffered a severe hand cut while trying to block a dunk. Bill Blakeley, North Texas State's coach, recalls that one of his former players at Christian College of the Southwest, Claude (Snowflake) English, gashed his head on the rim while dunking. Following repairs, Snowflake commented, "It was worth it." Ironically, a coach almost suffered a serious injury: Virginia's Terry Holland, a former star at Davidson, demonstrated a dunk to his players and his whistle caught in the net. "I almost hung myself," said Holland.

Generally, coaches agree that those who would ban the dunk to prevent injury are overreacting. "Fools are the only people who get hurt dunking a ball," says Auburn Coach Bob Davis. "And they are going to get hurt anyway." "Most of the trouble," says Washington State Coach George Raveling, "comes from those little pygmies trying to impress their girl friends."

The Shot is formidable. Ohio State Coach Elton Miller describes a dunk by Indiana's Kent Benson: "I thought he was going to tear down the building." After Auburn's Mike Mitchell slammed one, LSU Coach Dale Brown said, "It was like a catapult, like one of those things they used in medieval warfare." Says David Greenwood of UCLA, "It really takes courage to stand in there and try to block a dunk." Marv Harshman, the coach of Washington, agrees. "I tell my players, 'Hey, you've got to give up your body.' But if I was out there, I'd probably get out of the road, too."

Currently, the University of Detroit is leading the broken-rim sweepstakes. At last count the flamboyant Titans had broken 20, and they cost \$30 apiece. The team's equipment manager, Dominic Volpe, is so miffed that he will not talk to Coach Dick Vitale.

The dunk can break a team's spirit as well as a rim. "When you stuff one," says Iowa Forward William Mayfield, "you are telling your man that you can take him." In Alabama's first game of the year the amazing Looney went over Purdue's seven-foot center, Joe Barry Carroll, and dunked a rebound that helped turn a 12-point deficit into a 17-point Alabama victory. "It's got to be an awful feeling when your man dunks over you in front of 15,000 people," says Kenny Carr of North Carolina State. After Marquette's Bo Ellis stuffed against Penn State,

continued

breaking open a tight game, losing coach John Bach said, "It was like he drove a stake into my heart." It might be that the coaches' divergent views on the play depend on whose ox is getting dunked.

Could it be that the colleges are shooting field goals with record-setting accuracy because of the dunk's return? Says Norm Ellenberger, New Mexico's coach, "I can't think of a higher percentage shot than sticking your arm through the rim with the ball in your hand." Players like freshman Center Lavon Mercer of Georgia, shooting .592 from the floor, and Georgetown's Tom Scates make many of their points off the dunk. "If it weren't for the dunk, Scates might not be playing," says Penn Coach Chuck Daly. "It's his only shot."

But the dunk is actually a difficult shot. "You have to get your steps down right," says Clemson's Stan Rome. "If you don't, it can be right embarrassing." Wiley Peck of Mississippi State dunked against Georgia and the ball came through the net, hit him in the face and knocked him out for over two minutes. One dunk by Rich Adams of Illinois was an "air ball," missing the entire basket and backboard, and Cincinnati's Brian Williams, all alone on a breakaway, did the same thing against Louisville, missing the rim but hitting an official squarely in the head. "A missed dunk can be a momentum stopper," cautions Coach Wayne Dobbs of Vanderbilt. At Boston College, Bob Zuffelato has one

player, Louis Benton, who can jump over a Volkswagen, and another, 5' 11" Guard Ernie Cobb, who is capable of shuffling backward, but he deems the dunk so treacherous that he has instituted a "Glassman's Club." If a player goes for a dunk and misses, he has to forget 'em and use the backboard glass on lay-ins. At Bowling Green, after his team missed several dunks and lost back-to-back one-point games, Coach John Weinert banned the shot altogether.

Interestingly, the extremes of dunking philosophy are to be found within the borders of one state. Only Kentucky's James Lee and, on occasion, Rick Robey, score on dunks for the tradition-bound Wildcats, who apparently believe that "if it wasn't good enough for Dan Issel, it's not good enough for us." For the Wildcats, class is glass, i.e., banking in soft lay-ins. "We just don't have that type of player," says Coach Joe Hall. In contrast, Louisville is always in the operating room trying to deliver a slam or two. "We're still in the business of filling the gym, and the dunk helps us do that," says Coach Denny Crum, noting that home attendance is nearly 2,000 a game higher than last year. The Cardinals have made 97 dunks, freshman Darrell Griffith leading the airborne assault with 39. There is a sturdy side basket in Crawford Gymnasium, the team's practice site. One day the Doctors tried to amputate the target with slam dunks. "We

couldn't do it," says Griffith. "It was a big of heavy rim."

Albert King, the teen-age basketball prodigy and brother of Tennessee star Bernard King, was asked by Dave Anderson of *The New York Times* when it was that he discovered he was a good player. "Simple," answered Albert—in the eighth grade when he competed against older players who could dunk. "But I could dunk more ways than they could."

Counting the variations of the dunk is like trying to add up the number of cigarette brands these days. There always seems to be a new one coming out of the machine. In Punk Dunk you try to embarrass your man by dunking backward or some such. Funk Dunk denotes a number of flashy maneuvers, including Essie (Helicopter) Hollis' subspecialty, the Cuff Dunk. He holds the ball between his wrist and hand at hip level, then sweeps it into the basket. "I do it for the season ticket-holders," says the St. Bonaventure star. To do the Circle Dunk you wave the ball through 360° before the slam; to Rock the Baby, cradle the ball in one hand and put it through the hoop with the other. For the Yo-Yo, first pump the ball back over the head several times; for the 360 and 180, you spin in a full or half circle before the slam. Finally there is, improbably, what Marquette Coach Al McGuire calls the Double Dunk. "That's what you see on the playgrounds where a guy dunks with one hand, catches it with the other and dunks it again before hitting the ground," says McGuire. "They ought to give four points for it, and there should be an automatic timeout so the crowd has time to applaud."

Seemingly each section of the country has a jump-and-pump artist with a claim to be the best. Marques Johnson of UCLA, Edgar Jones of Nevada-Reno and James Hardy of San Francisco ("An NBA-class dunker," says one coach) are tops in the West. Clyde Tucker of Oklahoma City is a candidate and so is Ray Williams of Minnesota, a player once frustrated by the no-dunk rule. "It was hard to live with," he says. "There were so many times I'd be flying up above the rim, ready to jam, when I'd hear this little voice saying, 'No, no, no.'" Occasionally, despite the voice, Williams has said "Yes," and picked up a technical foul. "Those slams always felt better than any technical could ever hurt," he says.

The player who might be tops nation-

continued



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wide is James Bailey, Rutgers' 6'9" sophomore center, who has a remarkable 85 dunks this season. The Rutgers mascot, a 9-year-old named Joey Cabral, wears a T shirt supporting Bailey's candidacy. On the front it reads, JAMES IS THE NAME and on the back, DUNKIN'S THE GAME. In a recent match between Bailey and Cincinnati's Robert Miller, who has dunked as many as seven times in one game, Bailey scored on six stuffs, including a backward dunk off a lob pass from an appropriately named guard, Rodney Duncan.

There are a few flat-out dissenters on the dunk. Jack Avina, coach at the University of Portland, offers this reason: "I'm from the old school, and it bothers me that so many modern teams are involved in the facade of making a show. I hear my kids in practice, talking about 'face, face' [short for "in your face"], when one guy is shooting over another and putting him down. The dunk is another way of doing that. Sometimes players are more concerned about 'face' than with winning the game." Washington Coach Mary Harshman is such a sportsman that he locks covers on the team's baskets so that intramural players cannot bend the rims trying to emulate the dunkers.

Norvell Neve, the Atlantic Coast Conference supervisor of officials, has another negative vote. "There is nothing the defense can do to offset the dunk, and that's not equitable," he says, adding that officials also have a problem deciding whether a player has hung onto the rim after a dunk, which is a technical foul. Al McGuire has a solution for this dilemma. "Electrify the rim," says McGuire. "If a guy's hand touches it, you leave the juice on until he turns blue."

Many coaches predict that the effect of the return of the dunk will not be fully known for three to five years, when players will have adjusted to it. Some of course believe it should never have been banned. Wendell Hudson, an assistant coach at Alabama, was an All-America for the Crimson Tide during the no-dunk period. "I know some guys it cost 10 points a game during the ban," he says. "All those tips bounced out."

Now tipping is for shorties and volleyball players. Jamming is for those who can fly in the sky. One of today's Alabama players, T. R. Dunn, sums it up: "It's like we've been playing the game with something missing all these years."



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your bowling trophies...your best friend. And now
for the bad news...they're taking your Chivas."*

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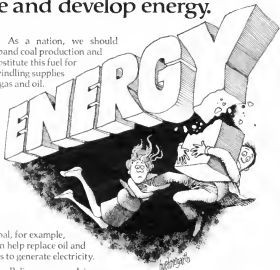
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180 mph. They are the stars of Motorcycle
Speedweek, and rightfully so. But there are myriad
other events that go to make up the most important
seven days on a cyclist's calendar, and by the time it
is over, a week from this Sunday, it will seem as if each
of the 50,000 enthusiasts on hand will have had
a part in putting on the show. Daytona offers
something for everyone to participate in, from
motocrosses and enduros to tours and the ceaseless
parade of glittering custom bikes on the beach.

Hell on Two Wheels

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURK UZZLE





Slipping through a swamp outside the Speedway leaves little doubt in a participant's mind why it is called the Alligator Enduro. Inside the track, motocross riders need not fear 'gators, only their high flying compatriots.



The graceful swoop of riders as they lean through a series of esses during the infield portion of a road race is in sharp contrast to the welter of mechanics and tools that converge on a bike when it comes into the pits.





As racers scream past on the banking, a touring-bike saddle does double duty for one spectator.

Extremes in Daytona Beach travel style: a custom "chopper" and a stroller's walking stick



No one is more frustrated than a motorcycle addict gazing out his window at ugly gray March slush. There is, however, a seven-day cure: Daytona. The hardy ones ride their motorcycles; others trailer their bikes behind standard sedans. It's Spring Break for grown-ups, and snowbound motorcyclists cross off February on their calendars one day at a time waiting to bust loose in Florida.

Since it was first run 36 years ago the

Riding to the Sun

Daytona 200 has become the world's most important motorcycle race. And the week leading up to the 200 at Daytona International Speedway has become the world's most important motorcycle week. There are now half a dozen official Speedweek activities and so many others that are fast closing in on official status that someone trying to take them all in would run the gas tank on a Moped dry. There are manufacturers' shows, "poker runs" (road tours, ridden mostly by sedate, over-40 couples in matching clothing); a full day of amateur road races; professional motocross races; short track and speedway races on a quarter-mile dirt oval at nearby Memorial Stadium; the Alligator Enduro for dirt bikes in the swamps northwest of the giant Speedway; impromptu drag races at night on the backstretch. And an endless concourse d'élégance for "choppers" in front of the Rat's Hole, a shop near the board-

walk where many of these nutré custom creations were born.

Some of the bikers are as far out as their bikes. Like the Man of 100 Tailights, a little fellow from Washington, D.C., who parks his huge Harley-Davidson by the front door of the Plaza Hotel and sits almost lost in a soft leather seat about as big as an easy chair. As the inevitable crowd gathers, he nonchalantly watches a portable television set on the back of the "hawg," as the big Harleys are called, pretending to pay attention to the Tonight Show. Then, when the time is right, he flips a toggle switch. The 100 tailights blink on for a split second. Then—crackle-bzz—all the fuses of the overloaded electrical system pop, blowing Johnny Carson back to Burbank. It happens every night of Speedweek, and the blackout has become so much a part of the Man of 100 Tailights' act that he carries extra fuses in a flashy box, the

same way some people carry fancy cigarette cases.

The week ends on Sunday at the Speedway, when a howling pack of 750-cc motorcycles swoops around the banked oval, the riders rubbing elbows at 180 mph. The 200-mile road race draws some of the most daring athletes in the world: Venezuelan Johnny Cecotto, defending champion in the 200; Italian Marco Lucchinelli, Barry Sheene of England and Hideo Kanaya of Japan, the one they call Kamukaze; Kenny Roberts, Gary Nixon and Steve Baker of the U.S., three of the toughest 5' 6", 140-pounders the world has ever seen.

On Monday morning, one week to the day after it begins, it's over. The motorcycle freaks load their Sportsters and Golden Wings and Commandos in their U-Hauls and head back to Alpoona and Peona and Zanesville. Daytona has made the last few weeks of winter endurable. And now it's the remaining days in March that get crossed off the calendar, until April and motorcycling weather arrives again.

—SAM MOSES



Speeds are restricted on the World's Most Famous Beach, but the crowds still abound.

Being his team's first new manager in almost a quarter century has put Walter Alston's replacement, Tom Lasorda, in seventh heaven. And he prays he can guide L.A. to first place
by LARRY KEITH

AN INFUSION OF FRESH DODGER-BLUE BLOOD

Tom Lasorda, the noted evangelist, has a message for anyone who will listen, for little children who seek his autograph, for adults who invite him to speak at their civic clubs, for girls in the office, the man on the street and the stars at Hollywood and Vine. The gospel truth according to Lasorda: there is no organization in baseball equal to the Los Angeles Dodgers. And there is no greater honor in baseball than to be a part of the Dodgers, to wear Dodger blue, to bleed Dodger blue, to revere the Great Dodger in the Sky.

This is not just team spirit, brethren. This goes beyond mere loyalty to a cause, a country or a laundry detergent. We are talking about something that really matters. For, as the Billy Sunday of the Dodgers was telling an audience last month, "When you say you're a Padre, people ask when did you become a parent. When you say you're a Cardinal, they tell you to work hard because the next step is Pope. But when you say you're a Dodger, everybody knows you're in the major leagues." Hallelujah!

Lasorda is a Dodger and, as we shall see, has a tombstone to prove it. He is, in fact, the manager of the Dodgers, something that for the last 23 years could be said only of Walter Alston. But Alston retired last Sept. 27, and two days later Los Angeles selected its gregarious, persuasive, combative 49-year-old third-base coach to be his successor. As a result, when the Dodgers opened spring training last week, the scene in Vero Beach, Fla. was quite different from what

it had been for more than two decades. The man in charge was moving here, hurrying there, shouting orders, giving directions, laughing, talking a mile a minute, hugging, cajoling and praising.

Alston never did any of these things, at least not so openly that anyone could notice. But in his quiet, conservative way he won—four World Series, seven pennants, seven All-Star Games and more regular-season victories than all but four other managers in baseball history. And while he was signing 23 one-year contracts with the Dodgers (only the Athletics' Connie Mack and the Giants' John McGraw stayed with one team longer), he watched some 80 other National League field bosses come and go.

Lasorda is only one of half a dozen new managers in the league this year, but because he is both Alston's successor and a winning, controversial baseball man in his own right, he is drawing much more attention than San Francisco's Joe Altobelli, St. Louis' Vern Riffe, Pittsburgh's Chuck Tanner, Chicago's Herman Franks or even Montreal's Dick Williams. All Williams ever did was win three pennants and two World Series with Boston and Oakland; Lasorda, as a player and manager in the Puerto Rican, Cuban, Panamanian, Dominican Republic and Venezuelan winter leagues, incited more Latin American brawls than anyone since Ché Guevara.

But a right cross and a broken nose are not what earned Lasorda his managerial job. He got it because of unflinching loyalty. Although as a young pitcher out of Norristown (Pa.) High School

in 1944 he was signed by the Philadelphia Phillies, Lasorda was soon purchased by the Dodgers, with whom he has spent most of his 27 years as a player, scout, minor league manager and major league coach. Lasorda's feelings for the Dodgers inspired him in 1961 to write a treatise called *An Organization with a Heart*. He also started repeating corny little sayings such as "Cut me and I'll bleed Dodger blue" and "When I die I want my tombstone to say, 'Dodger Stadium was his address, but every hall park was his home.'"

During spring training in 1968, Lasorda lived to see his death with some true, and he didn't even have to die for it to happen. He was preparing to start his third season as the manager of the organization's rookie team in Ogden, Utah when owner Walter O'Malley called him into the Dodgertown press room and presented him with a marble tombstone. And sure enough, it had a heart draping blue blood on it, and an epitaph that read: DODGER STADIUM WAS HIS ADDRESS, BUT EVERY BALL PARK WAS HIS HOME.

"I'm so grateful to you, Mr. O'Malley," Lasorda said, "that I want to continue working for the Dodgers even when I'm dead and gone."

"And just how do you plan to do that?" the startled owner asked.

"Just put the Dodgers' schedule on there each year," Lasorda said, pointing at the tombstone. "When people are visiting their loved ones at the cemetery, they can come by my grave and see if the Dodgers are at home or away."

Although no one ever told Lasorda he would succeed Alston, he wanted the job so badly that in recent years he turned down managerial offers from Atlanta,



Montreal and Pittsburgh. "I just didn't see myself loving another team," Lasorda says. "That would be like loving another woman, and I've been married to Jo for 26 years. No, the only team that could make me leave the Dodgers was the Dodgers. If they had ever said they didn't want to stand in my way, then I would have known they were telling me to go. Of course, they never said I had the job, but they never said I didn't, either. So I just relied on my dedication and loyalty. I told the Dodgers I loved them for 27 years, and when they named me manager, they said they loved me."

Lasorda admits that the last few years were difficult, because everyone knew Alston was approaching retirement and that Lasorda desperately wanted to succeed him. For all their differences in style and personality, Lasorda had admired Alston ever since he had played for him in the International League. In those days, Alston had used Lasorda as a first-base coach when he was not pitching. "I knew people were watching me closely," Lasorda says, "and sometimes it was hard for me to be myself. I didn't want to look like I was doing anything behind his back or trying to get his job. I respected him and tried to be loyal and work hard for him. I even would have coached third a few more years. I was willing to wait because I always felt I'd be the man. It's something I had wanted since I first started managing in Opden."

When the announcement finally came, Lasorda, who never says or does anything halfheartedly, called it "the greatest day of my life" and compared it to "being presented the Hope diamond." But after all the waiting, he may have been more relieved than anything else. If he had not gotten the job, Lasorda's wife says, "Nothing would have hurt us more. We didn't even like to talk about the possibility. We'd always tell ourselves if it didn't happen this year, then it would next year. Every time an offer came from another club, we'd discuss it, but we'd al-

continued



The new man consults his old mentor, Abston, who gave Lasorda his first crack at coaching

DODGER-BLUE BLOOD continued

ways come to the same conclusion: if it's not the Dodgers, it's not what Tom wants, and he won't be happy."

Jo and the two children, 24-year-old Laura and 18-year-old Tom Jr., learned long ago that Lasorda's ambitions and happiness were inextricably tied to the game. The ball park in Greenville, S.C. is where the Lasordas met, and it was a \$500 loan from former Dodger executive Buzzy Bavasi that enabled them to get married. Around the house there is even an understanding that if Jo does not ask Tom to mow the lawn, wash the dishes or take out the garbage, he will not ask her to pitch.

Lasorda's career began when he was signed by the Phillies after showing

promise in a tryout camp. But he toiled almost exclusively in the minors, eventually setting a club record of 125 wins in nine years with Montreal. His first chance to make the Dodgers came in 1954, when Abston succeeded Charlie Dressen as manager. A cocky Lasorda announced, "I don't intend to let anyone push me off this club, regardless of the record he has." These were the Dodgers of Preacher Roe, Don Newcombe, Billy Loes, Carl Erskine, Johnny Podres and Clem Labine, and somebody must have pushed Lasorda. He did not make the team.

Lasorda finally got a chance to start a major league game the following year, but the result was catastrophic. On May 5, 1955 he tied a National League record by throwing three wild pitches in an inning against St. Louis. He did strike

out Stan Musial, but he had to be removed from the game after Wally Moon spiked him as Lasorda was covering home following his third wild pitch. Shortly thereafter, the bonus rules of the day forced Brooklyn to keep a wild young left-hander named Sandy Koufax and send Lasorda back to Montreal. "Koufax," Lasorda snorted. "He'll never amount to anything." Lasorda did not get a major league decision until the next season, when he was 0-4 during a brief stint with Kansas City.

He finished up his playing career back in the International League. Then in 1960 Dodger Scouting Director Al Campanis hired Lasorda as a scout, and in 1966 he became the manager at Ogden. Lasorda won three straight pennants there and was promoted to Triple A, where he won two more pennants in four years with Spokane and Albuquerque.

Lasorda was so successful that in 1972 he was the subject of a television documentary entitled *Portrait of a Minor League Manager*. The film portrayed the Albuquerque manager at his vocal, exuberant, demonstrative best, peppering the players up one minute, cussing them out the next and selling Dodger blue every minute in between. To make his points he would regale the young players with stories. There was one about the long-distance swimmer who gave up and drowned four feet from shore, and the old one about the puppy, which after its owner had rubbed the dog's nose in its mess and thrown it out the window for 30 consecutive days, on the 31st day rubbed its own nose in it and jumped out the window. "See, with proper training the dog learned what he was supposed to do," Lasorda told his players with a straight face.

Particularly appropriate was Lasorda's request that "When you get a hit and win a game in Dodger Stadium someday, just remember there's old Tom somewhere with a tear in his eye." Lasorda helped develop 57 players who reached the major leagues, 18 of whom are on the Dodger roster this spring. Los Angeles' starting infield of First Baseman Steve Garvey, Second Baseman Dave Lopes, Shortstop Bill Russell and Third Baseman Roy Cey, Pitchers Rick Rhoden, Doug Rau, Charlie Hough and Burt Hooton and Catcher Steve Yeager all played for him at one time or another. To a man, they swear by his methods.

"I didn't know where he was coming

continued

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from when I first played for him," says Lopes, "but I learned that his greatest attribute is helping players develop. He has the gift of juicing players up and making them do things they don't even know they have in them."

Lasorda was instrumental in moving Lopes and Russell from the outfield to the infield, which kept them on the path to the big leagues. Rhoden, who was 12-3 for the Dodgers last season, calls him "the most influential person in my career. If it weren't for him, I wouldn't be in the majors today. After I hurt my arm in 1974 my confidence was shot. But I played for him in winter ball, and he got me going again. If you need a kick in the pants, he can do that, and if you need a pat on the back, he'll do that, too."

"Managing is like holding a dove in your hand," Lasorda once said. "If you hold it too tight, you kill it. But if you hold it too loosely, you lose it."

Lasorda has also been known to serve up a little con with the schmalz and pepper. Before Joe Ferguson became a catcher with the Dodgers (and later St. Louis and Houston), he was an outfielder. Lasorda sold him on changing positions by telling him about all the great catchers who had started out as outfielders—like Mickey Cochrane, Ernie Lombardi, Gabby Hartnett. "I know those guys never played the outfield," Lasorda says, "but Ferguson didn't, and it sure sounded good to him."

Like any good salesman, Lasorda motivates players mainly through the force of his own beliefs and personality. It does not take very long for a player to understand what Lasorda wants when he yells out in the dugout, "Who do you love?" or "What do you bleed?" The proper responses, of course, are "The Dodgers" and "Dodger blue." "I preach something that is good because it's the truth," he says. "I want my players to appreciate this organization in the same way that players used to believe it when they said, 'It's great to be a Yankee.'"

A few years ago Lasorda startled Sportscenter Joe Garagiola during a party at Ferguson's home by proving how well trained his players can be. "Joe," Lasorda said, "I'm going to show you something you've never seen in all your years in baseball."

"Come on," Garagiola said. "I don't think that's possible."

"O.K., just watch," Lasorda told him. Then turning to Ferguson, he said, "Joe,"

continued

LASORDA'S MATES IN THE CLASS OF '77

Tom Lasorda is only one of six new National League managers. Below are scouting reports on the others.

JOE ALTOBELLI (San Francisco): 44. Fits every Giant need, being discipline-oriented (San Francisco's players were crying for it last year), a defensive specialist (the Giants made 56 more errors than their opponents in '76), patient and Italian. Won four International League pennants in six years of guiding Oricle farm team in Rochester, N.Y., has 11 years of minor league managing experience. Believed to have been in line for the Baltimore job before Earl Weaver was retained for another season. Had 16½-year professional career as a slugging first baseman, but played in only 166 major league games. Never saw Candlestick Park before signing with the Giants. When his hiring was announced, confused players thought their new manager was former San Francisco First Base Coach Joey Amalfitano.

HERMAN FRANKS (Chicago Cubs): 63. Mr. Loyalty. Best known as owner Horace Stoneham's drinking buddy when he managed the Giants to four second-place finishes in 1965-68. As "Leo's man" in 1971, he acted as liaison between Durocher and Cub players and press. Been out of baseball ever since that season. Hired as Chicago manager by longtime associate and Cub GM Bob Kennedy. Has brought in old cronies Alvin Dark and Peanuts Lowrey to act as strategists. Also Mr. Contradiction. Ever-present dribble of tobacco juice makes him look like a bumpkin, but he has made a fortune with real-estate investments. Convivial nature, communicates well with players. Hit .199 in six seasons as a big-league catcher. Coached the Giants in 1949-55, 1958 and 1964, managed in Salt Lake City in 1961.

VERN RAPP (St. Louis): 48. Won six divisional

titles in 15 years of minor league managing. Turned down offer to manage Giants to return to native St. Louis. Signed with Cards as a catcher in 1946. His bonus: a free pass to a doubleheader. Never played in majors, but hit .300 four times in the minors. His strength is handling pitchers, a valuable talent in St. Louis where the young staff needs straightening out. Sparky Anderson-type disciplinarian who listens to players but makes own decisions. Fanatic about hustling who will wear uniform No. 9 because it once belonged to famous St. Louis scrapper Enos Slaughter. Likes delegating authority to coaches, doesn't like beards. "Pro athletes used to consider their opponents dangerous enemies," he says. "Baseball needs that feeling again." If you don't like that, try this: "Batting helmets are for Little Leaguers."

CHUCK TANNER (Pittsburgh): 47. From New Castle, Pa., calls return to nearby Pittsburgh "dream come true" after "14-year road trip" managing Quad Cities, El Paso, Seattle, Hawaii in the minors and Chicago White Sox (1970-75) and Oakland (1976). American League Manager of the Year in 1972, when Sox finished second. An unrestrained optimist known for inspiring players and coexisting with Dick Allen. "Tanner motivates, and his team needs motivation," says Pirate Outfielder Al Oliver. Has already begun to change Lumber Company to Speed City by trading slow-footed slugger Richie Zisk to give swift rookies Omar Moreno and Miguel Dilone a chance in center field. Tanner's second-place A's stole a record 341 bases last year. Pirates think so much of Tanner that they traded Catcher Manny Sanguillen and \$100,000 for him. Born July 4. Hit homer in first big-league at bat for the Braves. Hitting an even .500 as a big-league manager.

DICK WILLIAMS (Montreal): 47. Managed Boston (1967-69), Oakland (1971-73), California (1974-76) after directing Toronto to two International League titles. Took 100-to-1 shot Red Sox to '67 pennant, guided A's to three divisional titles, two world championships. Excellent strategist, stickler for fundamentals. Curt, sarcastic, tends to overdiscipline and ridicule players. Complaints from them led to his dismissal at Boston and California but worked well with the belligerent, idiosyncratic A's. Hit .260 in 13 major league seasons with five clubs, but possible stardom cut short by shoulder injury. Expos could cause him to revert to one of his pastimes as a player—making animal sounds on the bench.

—JIM KAPLAN

come over here. Get on your knees and tell me something."

Ferguson knelt down and said, "I love the Dodgers."

"And the Dodgers love you, son."

And so it went from Ferguson to Tom Paciorek to Russell to Hough to Lopes. Every one of them got on his knees at Lasorda's command and said, "I love the Dodgers."

Garagiola was so impressed—or so stunned—that he restaged the performance, complete with Lasorda's tombstone, on a pregame television show.

Like Elmer Gantry, when Lasorda is not saving Dodger souls he can be found busting disbelievers' heads. His reputation as a brawler was such that when he was made manager at Ogden he had to promise he would not start any fights. Lasorda managed to stay out of trouble until the first inning of the first game. "But I didn't start it," he says.

There were plenty of others he did instigate. The best fight, he recalls, happened in 1957. Then playing for the Los Angeles Angels of the Pacific Coast League, Lasorda came off the mound after a burst by Spook Jacobs of the Hollywood Stars to throw a body block on the runner going to first. "I knew the guy wanted to run me down," Lasorda says, "but I got him first, and all hell broke loose." Then there was the time during the 1953 Winter League World Series in Cuba when he threw at a batter a few times before finally hitting him in the middle of the back. "I thought he was going to first base, then I looked up and he was charging me with a bat in his hand," Lasorda says. "I didn't even have a ball to throw at him, and he was so big there was no use punching him. Just as he started to swing the bat, I threw my glove in his face and tackled him." In fact, Lasorda did such a good job defending himself against his larger opponent that he became a local hero. The next day Cuban soldiers escorted him to President Batista, who asked, "Is there anything we can do for you?"

"No," said Lasorda. "Just let me pitch to him again." When Lasorda got his chance, he

knocked the player down again. The poor fellow never said a word.

On another occasion, Lasorda's manager in Denver, Ralph Houk, asked him to start a fight to put some fire into the team, which was trailing two games to none in a best-of-seven playoff. Lasorda obliged, and the Bears came back to win. "Actually, Ralph didn't have to ask me because I was thinking the same thing myself," he says.

These rough edges still cause concern within the Dodger management and even Lasorda shudders at a few of his escapades. "Tommy John asked me once what I would do if I ever had a player like myself," Lasorda says, "and it scared the hell out of me."

The Dodgers put aside their doubts about Lasorda because aggressiveness was one attribute they were looking for when they sought a replacement who could beat the Cincinnati Reds at their own game. "It was time for Walt to retire," a front-office man says. "He was starting to let things slide among the players and becoming too conservative on the field. We needed Tommy's fire."

Lasorda's style on the bench will be

the Dodgers' style on the field. "We're going to be a better, more explosive, wide-open club," says Yeager. "More guys may get thrown out at the plate, because we're going to do a lot of running. We're going to take it to the opposition, cause them to make mistakes and then take advantage of them."

To execute this attack, Lasorda has already told each player what he expects for the coming season. He wants Garvey to hit more home runs and Yeager to try for five hits a week to right field to boost his batting percentage. To improve the team's running game, he will let Lopes steal on his own, and he has moved the speedy Russell to second in the batting order.

The only question that remains is the kind of relationship Lasorda will have with his players. As a minor league manager, he was an older brother, eating, drinking and pulling around with his athletes. Now he may have to withdraw from the players who came up through the system with him, so that he cannot be accused of favoritism. Rightfielder Reggie Smith, who was acquired by the Dodgers in a trade, says, "If you want to create a test for the man, it would be how well the guys perform who never played for him before and don't know him as well."

Russell is certain Lasorda will be "screaming and yelling at everybody. Those of us who have played for him know what to expect. But if you can't play for Tommy, you can't play for anybody."

Even if Lasorda does not give Los Angeles a pennant right away, he will still provide an excitement and flavor not often present in the Alskon years. Before spring training he kept up a frantic pace, giving as many as five speeches a day and making fast friends among the Hollywood crowd. At Lasorda's urging, Los Angeles' biggest Cincinnati fan, Jonathan Winters, may even switch his allegiance to the Dodgers. And another show-business friend, Frank Sinatra, has already volunteered to sing the national anthem on opening day. With his Dodger-blue eyes, he should feel right at home.



Lasorda got this involvement to his loyalty from L.A. owner D. Malley



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More than anyone, Duck Williams broke open the seesaw battle and gave Notre Dame the victory

Marquette's 81-game home-court winning streak in 1973, UCLA's record 88-game streak in 1974 and this season beat UCLA at Pauley Pavilion, the Bruins' first home loss outside the Pac 8 in 115 games covering 15 years.

The prospect of another of these sporting executions lured 11,345 fans into Notre Dame's Athletic and Convocation Center to see the home team take on the mighty Dons. San Francisco has been atop the country's college basketball polls for nine weeks and was undefeated (29-0) just one week before the start of the NCAA tournament.

If the Dons longed to know what kind of reception awaited them in their first game ever against Notre Dame and their first appearance of the season on national television, they had only to ask one of their teammates, Guard Chubby Cox, a Villanova transfer, who suffered through a 115-85 thrashing at South Bend in 1974 while wearing a Wildcat uniform. Or they could have seen for themselves by sneaking into the Friday night pep rally, where Irish Coach Digger Phelps and his players made their intentions clear.

"San Francisco may be undefeated, but I don't think they have ever encountered anything like they are going to see here," said Guard Dave Kuzmick, a local kid from South Bend who was nurtured on Notre Dame enthusiasm. Phelps was not bashful, either. "Here is the cheer for tomorrow," he bellowed, "29 and one, 29 and one. I want all of you here at 12 noon, Saturday. San Francisco will be getting dressed. Start yelling it then and they're bound to hear it." He also made some promises. "I don't care what kind of situation develops. We will pull it off with your help. It could not happen anywhere else in the country like it is set up to happen here."

Dons Coach Bob Gaillard, meanwhile, was skillfully and coolly playing it both ways. Scheduling Notre Dame this late in the season had proved to be a stroke of genius, because it provided San Francisco with a severe test after it had clinched the West Coast Athletic Conference title and a bid to the NCAA tournament. If the Dons were able to pull off what amounted to an upset—despite its 29 victories, USF was a 6½-point underdog by game time—it would add cred-

ibility to the team's No. 1 ranking and at least in part muffle the criticism that they had played a soft schedule. If San Francisco lost, no real harm would be done, except, as Gaillard would say afterward, "A nice No. 30 won't be going up on the board."

Notre Dame, too, was already a crunch to make the tournament with its 19-6 record, so nothing much was really at stake, save the Irish's streak of streak-breaking. Outwardly unconcerned, therefore, Phelps and Gaillard ran around together for two days, trading one-liners, comparing wardrobes and seeing who could propose more toasts. San Francisco practiced until 11:30 p.m. on Thursday, and one of the Dons bent the rim of a basket. Phelps said he didn't care about the damage or the late hour, he was taking Gaillard out on the town. Gaillard got in about 3 a.m., but was able to rise in time to pick up some souvenirs—a Notre Dame T shirt and a golf hat with a big blue "N.D."

"Digger has missed curfew two nights in a row now," said Gaillard while checking out the crowd during pregame warm-ups. "He waited until he saw himself on all four channels before he kicked me out of his place last night. I don't think he should be allowed to coach the first half." In the home locker room Phelps had finished an A-1 psych job on his players by telling them, "Meeting San Francisco under these circumstances is like going for the national championship in your own backyard."

The first half was played so attractively and instinctively by both teams that neither coach had much to do. Despite the notion that the Dons would be ready to head for home as soon as they heard the explosions of cheers in the Athletic and Convocation Center, they quickly proved they had left neither their hearts nor their nerve in San Francisco. Trailing 21-20, the Dons pulled off a five-point sequence started by seven-foot Center Bill Cartwright, who hit a jumper from the baseline while being fouled. Cartwright missed the free throw, but high-flying Guard Winford Boynes put in the rebound, was fouled himself and made the free throw. These are the things the Dons are capable of when they are running the show, as they seemed to be a moment later when Forward Marlon Redmond made a steal and a layup for a 27-21 San Francisco lead.

The Dons were for real, but the Irish

continued

The Dons were wan

San Francisco won 29 in a row, then Notre Dame wrote its own kind of 30

To think we are here to pray for victory is to miss the point," Notre Dame President Theodore Hesburgh told a group of the school's basketball players who had come to chapel last Saturday morning seeking inspiration before their game with No. 1-ranked San Francisco.

"What we pray for is to do well, to represent Notre Dame well," Hesburgh continued. "Given our tradition and our role as giant killers, if you do well I think you will win."

There it was again, even during a Mass, the "giant killers" reputation that has been Notre Dame's ever since its football team snapped Oklahoma's 47-game winning streak in 1957. Lately, the epithet has more aptly applied to the Fighting Irish basketball team, which broke

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(DIAGONAL)

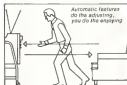
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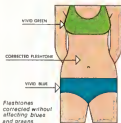
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weren't all that impressed. They rallied behind Forward Dave Patton and sixth man Billy Paterno. The pair scored 17 of Notre Dame's last 23 points in the period, including a rebound basket by Patton at the buzzer that gave N.D. a 44-42 halftime lead and set the arena rocking.

But no one thought for a minute that the Dons were through. If they were bothered by the decibel count, they would have cracked by now. On the contrary, the Dons seemed more inspired than intimidated by the din and the hoopla. Whenever the clamor from the stands seemed particularly unnerving, Boynes would make a successful drive down the lane, or Redmond would launch one from long range. Well into the second half, through 17 lead changes and 28 minutes of spectacular basketball, San Francisco looked like a No. 1 team should look, talented and unflappable.

In the end, the difference between the two teams seemed to turn more on experience than pressure. The Dons had beaten tough opponents like Tennessee, Utah and St. John's during the season. But it is important to note that San Francisco had played only a handful of games on the floor of a team with a winning record. And four of those five games were against teams from the WCAC, a league in which nobody came within five games of USF this year. In the later stages of the game, San Francisco seemed more perturbed by Notre Dame's staying power than by its home-court advantage.

The noise level did have an effect on the Irish players. Forward Toby Knight, a 6'9" bean pole who out-rebounded Cartwright 14-2, had the hot hand in the early moments of the second half. Knight scored five baskets in less than five minutes, including a stirring slam-dunk of a rebound. When Notre Dame's neophyte freshman Guard Rich Branning, himself a Californian, made a basket with 12:18 remaining to put the Irish ahead 61-58, Gaillard called time out. He had been so pleased with events thus far that it was only his second time-out of the game, but now the first signs of disorder were beginning to show. The crowd, sensing the kill, roared with delight.

Gaillard sent his team back out in a man-to-man defense he hoped would create turnovers. Instead, Duck Williams, a 6'3" junior guard, who was to score a game-high 25 points, began running wild in a version of the four-corners align-

ment that North Carolina would never recognize. He drove the lane and scored, making the score 63-58, then took a pass from Branning on a fast break to put the Irish ahead by seven. Bedlam. Boynes scored for San Francisco to reduce the margin to five, but Williams drove for another basket, was fouled and made the three-point play. A Cartwright basket made it 68-62, but when Bruce Flowers tipped one in and Williams put in another soft-touch layup, Notre Dame led by 10. Gaillard called another time-out, but in the 3:44 between the two, the Irish had put the game away. The final eight minutes were played to a standing ovation, Notre Dame winning 93-82.

At the buzzer, Dons Forward James Hardy made a mean-eyed block of Notre Dame's last shot, angrily shoved freshman Bill Hanzlik aside and then was fortunate to weave his way safely to the losers' locker room amid the throngs of Notre Dame fans who poured onto the court at the buzzer. Many of the Irish diehards were still milling around an hour later, savoring the victory and the end of yet another streak. And why not? In an unprecedented move, NBC had given its Player of the Game award to the Notre Dame crowd.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST "Sleep right up and hear all the latest complaints. Listen to the raucous boos See a coach get fired." That might well have been the pitch for the Metro Conference tournament in Memphis. It was there that Louisville Coach Denny Crum, whose team had won the regular-season title, argued that it was unfair to force his squad to prove itself again. Crum's worst fears came true when his Cardinals were jolted in the semifinals by Georgia Tech 56-55. "We don't need the Metro tournament," Crum yelled after the loss. "NIT, hell! We might still go to the NCAA." (They will—and meet UCLA in the first round.) Spouting off, too, was Cincinnati Coach Gale Catlett, who said he would do all he could to yank his school out of the conference if it does not host next year's tournament. At least Catlett was able to smile after his games. That was more than could be said for Randy Albrecht of St. Louis, who was fired after an opening-round 76-68 loss to the Bearcats. And it was more than could



Paterno has had his hand in many an upset

be said for many local fans when Cincinnati beat Memphis State 68-67 on Gary Yoder's pair of free throws with four seconds remaining. The Bearcats then beat Georgia Tech in the finale 74-61. Despite being winners, Cincinnati was booed by the fans and absorbed one last shot from Tech Guard Ray Schutze, who predicted they would not do well in the NCAAAs because, "They have no class."

"What kind of game is it that makes idiots out of grown men and causes them to act foolish in front of thousands?" asked Kansas State Coach Jack Hartman after the Big Eight's first playoff tournament. Well, in a semifinal 80-67 loss to the Wildcats, Kansas Coach Ted Owens became so upset with the officiating that he pounded the timer's table and knocked out the activator for the scoreboard foul recorder. In the finale, Hartman and Missouri Coach Norm Stewart stood jaw to jaw during a time-out and had to be restrained by the officials. The Tigers blew an 18-point lead and lost to the Wildcats 72-67 in overtime as Mike Evans gained in most of his 27 points on long-range shots.

"In basketball, unlike football, defensive players aren't given the credit they deserve. Jim Counce is one of the greatest defensive players in the country." So said Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton after the 6'7" Counce had clamped down on Houston's Otis Birdsong in the wrap-up game of the Southwest Conference play-offs. Birdsong, who had been

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

averaging 30 points a game, had only 21 against the Razorbacks, missing 13 of 22 field-goal tries. Houston, down by 13 points after eight minutes, led by six early in the second half. Then Guard Ron Brewer got busy, scoring 19 of his game-high 29 points in the last 13 minutes as Arkansas won 80-74. There were further indications that basketball was flourishing in the SWC. For the first time in memory, tickets to a league game were scalped: \$25 apiece for the showdown in Houston, which drew the largest crowd ever to see an SWC game: 15,262.

Even before facing West Texas State in the finals of the Missouri Valley playoffs, Southern Illinois knew it would represent the conference at the NCAAs because the Buffaloes are on probation. Still, the Salukis didn't want to back into the national tournament. With Gary Wilson tossing in 28 points and Mike Glenn 24, SIU breezed in 82-69.

Loyola of Chicago pulled off a 79-71 upset of Detroit, which shot only 32%, 19% below its average.

Marquette won twice on the road, 63-44 at Tulane and 72-60 at Creighton. Bo Ellis had 26 points for the Warriors against the Green Wave, which scored just nine points in the first half, a performance Tulane Coach Roy Danforth said "set basketball back 25 years." Against the Bluejays, who had trailed the Warriors only 38-34 at halftime, Marquette used a zone in the second half. Said Coach Al McGuire, "They could beat us man-to-man because they run the back door so well."

Indiana State sophomore Larry Bird finished strong. He scored 47 points (19 of 30 from the floor, nine of 10 from the foul line) and grabbed 18 rebounds as the Sycamores set back Butler 80-65. Bird had 34 points and 13 rebounds as the Sycamores (25-2) beat Valparaiso 77-70 to bolster their hopes of getting a tournament bid.

1. ARKANSAS (26-1)

2. GINNNATI (25-4) 3. LOUISVILLE (21-6)

EAST "This is not a realistic profession," said Virginia Coach Terry Holland. "It's a dreamworld where everybody thinks they're going to be an All-America and win every game." Nonetheless, Holland's team was on the verge of making another dream come true by winning all its games at the Atlantic Coast Conference playoffs in Greensboro, N.C. The Cavaliers, who had never been to any of the ACC's previous 22 finals until last year and who then stunned North Carolina State, Maryland and North Carolina to take the title, made it to the championship game again this time. They got there by upsetting Wake Forest 59-57 on a turnaround jumper by Marc Iavaroni with two seconds left and by surprising Clemson 72-60. North Carolina, the regular-season titlist, received a bye into the semifinals where it crushed past North Carolina State 70-56. In

the finals, Virginia led by eight points with 7:08 to go. But then the Cavaliers were down, missed shots and lost 75-69. At the game's end, the Tar Heels had just one regular on the floor, Phil Ford and Mike O'Koren having fouled out after teaming up for 47 points. Walter Davis was nursing a broken finger and Tommy LaGarde was on crutches. That lone regular, Guard John Kuester, was named the tournament MVP for holding the Tar Heels together and for scoring 27 points in the two games. North Carolina had begun the week with a 96-89 win over Louisville, as Ford and O'Koren each scored 26 points.

Even though high-scoring Lew Massey was out with an ankle injury, North Carolina-Charlotte beat Creighton 85-67, Marshall 84-80 and Virginia Commonwealth 87-72. Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell amassed 75 points for the Forty Niners, who then accepted an NCAA bid.

With its relentless defense doing its job and with Frank Sowinski averaging 22 points, Princeton locked up the Ivy League title. The Tigers had little trouble beating Columbia 66-49, Cornell 69-56, Brown 63-40 and Yale 61-39. Penn dropped out of a tie for first place when Cornell rallied for an 82-68 verdict. The Quakers then stopped Columbia 61-56, Yale 105-59 and Brown 78-77 but finished a game behind the NCAA-bound Tigers.

In the last regular-season game for both teams, St. John's upset Holy Cross 62-61. Both then earned NCAA berths. The Redmen prevailed at the ECAC Metropolitan New York playoffs, MVP George Johnson notching 26 of his 28 points in the second half to down Seton Hall 83-73. St. John's thus gained its 13th straight post-season tournament bid and a record 32nd in all. Holy Cross, which beat Providence in December on a last-ditch shot by Chris Porter, parried the Friars again. And once again it was Porter who sank the winning basket, this time on an 18-foot jumper with five seconds left for a 68-67 victory in the New England playoffs.

Syracuse took the ECAC Upstate New York title by polishing off St. Bonaventure 85-72. Old Dominion won the ECAC Southern playoffs by zapping Georgetown 80-58. Then, in a showdown to determine which of those two would advance to the NCAAs, Old Dominion had its 22-game winning streak ended by Syracuse 67-64.

Also making it to the NCAAs were Hofstra, VMI and Duquesne. Rich Laetel, who averaged 30.1 points a game for the Flying Dutchmen this season, scored 33 as Hofstra bumped off LaSalle for the East Coast Conference title. Teammate John Irving, who led the nation in rebounding with a 16.3 average, had 11 rebounds and 24 points. VMI had to go into overtime to beat Appalachian State 69-67 for the Southern Conference championship. Dave Montgomery paced the Key-dets, sinking 10 of 12 floor shots and topping off a 28-point performance with two foul shots.

with 18 seconds remaining. Duquesne stopped Villanova 57-54 for Eastern College Basketball League honors.

1. NORTH CAROLINA (25-4)

2. HOLY CROSS (23-5) 3. PROV. (24-4)

MIDEAST With Michigan's Ricky Green sidelined with a bruised hip suffered in an 87-72 win at Illinois, junior Guard Dave Baxter started at Purdue. Baxter responded superbly with 20 points and 10 assists as the Wolverines won 84-79. Better yet was Phil Hubbard, who contributed 31 points and 16 rebounds. While Hubbard was on the bench with four fouls, the Boilermakers scored seven consecutive points to cut Michigan's lead to 66-63. So Hubbard came off the bench to score six straight points. And when Purdue pulled to within 74-73, Hubbard tossed in four more. Purdue, which finished three games behind Big Ten champion Michigan, also earned an NCAA spot for having a 19-8 record while playing a schedule that included seven 20-game winners. A day later the Wolverines edged Marquette 69-68 in Ann Arbor. Second-place Minnesota bumped off Wisconsin 64-61 and Northwestern 105-82.

A 41-15 rebounding advantage, plus 36 points by Bernard King, enabled Tennessee to topple Kentucky 81-79. For the Vols, who had trailed 55-44, it was the fifth time in a row that they had beaten the Wildcats in three seasons. Tennessee thus tied for first place with Kentucky in the Southeastern Conference, with each having one game to play before both enter the NCAA's 32-team tournament. Kentucky had earlier stopped Mississippi State 77-64, establishing a school record by sinking 15 of 18 field-goal tries (83%) in the second half.

In the Ohio Valley Conference playoffs, Middle Tennessee upset the regular-season finalist, Austin Peay, 77-65.

Central Michigan, which had only two starters back from last season's team that was 8-8 in the Mid-American Conference, took over second place. Those returnees—Guard Leonard Drake and Center Ben Poquette—carried the Chippewas to a pair of road wins. At Northern Illinois, Drake had 18 points as Central won 80-78 in overtime despite 30 points and 18 rebounds by Matt Hicks. Drake then jumped in 34 points and Poquette 23 as the Chippewas overcame Bowling Green 94-91. Central can clinch the league title and an NCAA berth if it can win this week at Ohio U. Should the Chippewas lose, Miami of Ohio will finish first and get the bid.

Anthony Roberts of Oral Roberts netted 50 points against Florida State. It was not enough: Carlton Byrd had 30 and the Seminoles won 91-87.

1. MICHIGAN (24-3)

2. TENNESSEE (21-5) 3. KENTUCKY (23-3)

WEST When Utah Center Buster Matherney was ejected after seven minutes of play for slugging BYU's Jay Cheesman, the Utes were afraid they might be the ones to come up with a black eye. They were tied with Arizona for the Western AC lead, and when they fell behind the Cougars 26-16 in their first league game, things did not look good. But Jeff Jonas came through with 18 points, nine assists and six rebounds as the Utes rallied for a 67-54 decision. Jonas wound up four years of regular-season play with 756 assists in 107 games. What pleased him most, however, was that Arizona lost at Arizona State 95-89 in overtime, thus giving Utah a ticket to the NCAA's. With Bob Elliott of the Wildcats hampered by a bad knee and able to play only 26 minutes, the Sun Devils knocked off Arizona for the seventh year in a row in Tempe. Helping State win were James Holman, who knotted the score at 74-all with a basket 15 seconds before the end of regulation time; Mark Landsberger, who muscled his way to 22 rebounds and 17 points; and Tony Zeno, who came off the bench to score 20 points.

By controlling the tempo and effectively working in zone defense, USC built a 27-17 advantage over UCLA. But with Jimmy Spillane hitting from outside and Marques Johnson from inside, the Bruins won 78-69. Spillane finished with 14 points. Johnson connected for 25 as he made 11 of 14 floor shots and all three of his foul shots; he also latched on to 18 rebounds. Two days before, UCLA had been assured of the Pac-8 title when Oregon State toppled runnerup Oregon 78-73 in overtime. Greg Ballard netted 40 points and helped the Ducks take a 19-3 lead. Igniting the Beavers' comeback was Rocky Smith, who, after failing to score during the first 13 minutes, poured in 32 points.

With the memory of last season's shocking 93-91 loss at Pepperdine still on his mind, Nevada-Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian said, "It's like a carnival every time we come here. A lot of friends, relatives, girls, neighbors and cousins. We locked the players in their rooms this year. We wanted no more carnivals." Once the game began, though, the Rebels put on a show of their own. For the 20th time this season they exceeded 100 points, winning 117-94 as Eddie Owens popped in 29. In an earlier contest at home against Hawaii, Owens had 25 points in a 124-84 laughter.

Idaho State, which had finished in first place in the Big Sky Conference, captured the league tournament by defeating Montana State 93-77 and Weber State 61-55.

Long Beach State won the Pacific Coast AA tournament by subduing San Jose State 76-63.

1. UCLA (23-4)

2. SAN FRAN. (29-1) 3. LAS VEGAS (25-2)

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Young and restless

If too many of the WHA's kid stars bolt to the NHL, the league may not survive

Like most 19-year-olds, Gordie Roberts wears Levi's everywhere, drives a van, drinks beer and catches a Fleetwood Mac concert whenever he can. Unlike most 19-year-olds, though, Roberts can easily afford such a life-style because he earns \$100,000 a year as an all-star defenseman for the WHA's New England Whalers. Roberts is one of half a dozen precocious players around whom the struggling WHA has tried to construct its survival plan, but next season he may be the only one still skating in the league.

For four years now the young WHA has beaten the old NHL to hockey's teenage idols simply by signing them to lucrative pro contracts long before they were eligible for the NHL's amateur draft. The Hartford-based Whalers, for instance, signed Roberts when he was just 17 years old and preparing to play his second junior season with the amateur Victoria, B.C. Cougars. The Houston Aeros grabbed off Marty and Mark Howe when they were 19 and 18, re-

spectively. Houston also signed John Tonelli, Quebec Real Cloutier and Toronto-Birmingham Mark Napier when they were all 18.

Predictably, the teenagers quickly developed into stars in the WHA, and now the NHL is casting covetous glances at them. Boston has drafted Mark Howe; Detroit recently acquired Marty Howe's

NHL rights from Montreal, and Chicago owns Cloutier's NHL services. Roberts, Tonelli and Napier all will be eligible for the NHL's "amateur" draft this June, and should be top selections. Of the six, only Roberts seems to have a contractual obligation to the WHA next season; he now is in the second year of a five-year contract with the Whalers. "If we can sign three or four of those kids," says one NHL general manager, "we may write an obituary for the WHA."

The Howe brothers, Tonelli and Napier appear certain to be playing in the NHL next season—not the WHA. Ideally, the Howes would prefer to remain in Houston, but the Aeros have been plagued by frequent ownership changes, cash-flow problems and poor attendance. The Howes—Marty, Mark and father Gordie—were the only Houston players to get checks one recent payday when the Aeros were short of dollars. And they claim the Aeros owe them bonus money from previous seasons.

Colleen Howe—Gordie's wife, Marty's and Mark's mother—does the negotiating for the family, and she has said that her sons must play for the same NHL team, or else there is no deal. Gordie, she says—and he confirms—will retire at the end of this season, one year before his 50th birthday. In keeping with Colleen's wishes, Boston and Detroit agreed last week on a plan whereby either team can sign both Marty and Mark, then compensate the other for the lost player's rights. "Mark is a left-wing Guy Lafleur," says Boston General Manager Harry Sinden, "and Marty can play defense for the Bruins right now."

Birmingham's Napier, a 20-year-old right wing who scored 43 goals last season and has 49 already this year, hardly conceals his plans. "The WHA and Mark Napier have outgrown each other," he says. Quebec's Cloutier, a 21-year-old forward who leads the WHA with 50 goals and 58 assists this season, wants to play in the NHL, but not for the Chicago Black Hawks. Cloutier dreams of playing alongside Guy Lafleur and the other Frenchmen in Montreal. "If Sammy Pollock [Canadiens General Manager] isn't thinking of me, tell him I'm thinking of him," Cloutier says.

One reason Pollock is not thinking of Cloutier is Cloutier's contract demands: \$200,000 a season for five years. If Clou-

continued



With three years left on his contract, defenseman Gordie Roberts cannot leave New England—yet



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tier lowers his demands, though, Pollock no doubt would be willing to provide Chicago with numerous warm bodies in return for the NHL rights to him.

New England's Roberts has been watching all these developments with great interest. "It's silly for me to talk about the NHL right now," he says. "The Whalers are solid, and they have been good to me. But years from now it may be different. Let's face it. I grew up in Detroit and always watched the NHL, and everyone wants to be measured by how he does against the top players. Publicity is a big thing, too, and the WHA isn't too good for the ego. You know, there are hockey fans who haven't even heard of Cloutier, and he's one of the great players in the game. In some places, it's like we've all disappeared. The only time I've been mentioned in the Detroit papers was when I signed with the Whalers. The item was on the fifth page of the sports section. It just said that Doug and Gordie Roberts of Detroit had signed with New England."

Gordie Roberts was supposed to be named Clifford Roberts, but his father, Sandy, a Detroit fireman, changed the Clifford to Gordon at the insistence of his older sons Doug and Dave. Not that Sandy needed much convincing. The Roberts family was hockey-minded, and the star of the Detroit Red Wings in those days was a 12-year veteran named Gordie Howe. Doug Roberts played hockey and football at Michigan State, one time serving as Bubba Smith's backup at defensive end, and later broke into the NHL as Howe's teammate with the Red Wings. Doug shuffled around the NHL for 10 seasons and now, at age 34, plays with kid-brother Gordie on the Whalers. Dave, 27, spent four seasons traveling hockey's minor league circuit and is recovering from knee surgery that probably has ended his career.

When the Howe brothers left Detroit to play amateur hockey in Toronto, Gordie Roberts gradually advanced to the point where he became the best young amateur in Michigan. Realizing that future amateur competition around Detroit would hamper his development, Gordie left home before the start of his senior year in high school and moved to Victoria to play junior hockey in the rough Western League. He fit in well in Victoria, holding his own in the brawls and more than holding his own when the games became pure hockey. When the



Marty (left) and Mark (right) Howe want to stick together, and Dad just wants to skate into retirement.

Whalers began to negotiate with brother Doug before the 1975-76 season, Gordie's name entered the conversation, and suddenly 17-year-old Gordie had a five-year, \$500,000 contract to play pro hockey in Hartford.

"My first few months with the Whalers I really wondered if I had done the right thing," Roberts says. "I hardly played during the first half of the season, and I didn't think I was fitting in. It was a whole new thing for me, traveling with a bunch of guys who were older than me, some of them even 15 years older. No one said anything, but I figured a lot of them were asking themselves how I ever got all that money. They got all over me for wearing jeans and listening to my music all the time, but it all worked out. Half of them wear jeans now, too."

Once Roberts moved into the Whalers' lineup as a regular defenseman, he provided dependability and leadership that belied his youth and inexperience. "We asked Gordie to hold our defense together, a job that should have been over his head," says Whaler Coach Harry Neale. "We really put a lot of pressure on him. But he has more than done everything we've asked of him. He has so much natural ability, he can make a mistake and still react quickly enough to correct it before any damage is done."

Roberts' basic skills are obvious. Carrying 190 pounds on a 6' 1" frame, he is a powerful skater. He is also no shrinking violet (141 penalty minutes this year).

His major asset, though, is superior puck-handling skill, which keeps Neale thinking he should switch Roberts from defense to center. So far this year Roberts has scored 12 goals and assisted on 27 others. "He could be an exceptional center right now," Neale says. "I used him at center during the playoffs last year, and he was outstanding. The great rushing defensemen and the great centers all have a nose for the puck. Trouble is, centers play every third shift while defensemen play every other shift. So if I move Roberts to center, he'll spend less time on the ice. And who will I get to replace him at defense?"

Naturally, Roberts is experiencing the growing pains that affect all rushing defensemen of the Bobby Orr mold. "He doesn't use his teammates often enough," Neale says. "He tries to do things himself instead of passing some of the responsibility off to another player. And too often he reacts to trouble by reverting to his animal instincts and trying to do the things that worked when he was 15 years old but haven't worked since. That's when I start screaming at him."

Roberts admits to these and other sins of youth. "I get mad and take stupid penalties," he says, "and I wander out of position too often. I'm two or three years away from being a good defenseman. It's a long learning process. But I'm getting paid good money, and if I were still playing in Victoria, I sure wouldn't have all my nicesterequipment."

END

Buried but still a treasure

Reversing the practice of stripping sunken ships, salvors of the "Evangelists" in the Bahamas restored the frigate's cannon for the pleasure of sightseeing divers

Peter Copeland drew many sketches initially on a piece of slate, sitting in scuba gear under 30 feet of water in the Bahamas. Copeland is good at this. He is a weathered 48-year-old who first studied the sea as a merchant mariner and later gained a considerable reputation as a marine archaeologist, historical illustrator and consultant to the Smithsonian Institution. Now at his home in Arlington, Va., Copeland is compiling an illustrated log that will depict both the treasure hunt and one of the most unusual occurrences in the salvage game. Whoever heard of anyone bringing up a sunken treasure—and then putting it back where he found it?

Copeland hopes to complete his work over the next three months. From it will emerge the anatomy of the treasure hunt: the painstaking search, the tedium and danger faced by a band of divers, the elation upon finding artifacts. Then the finality of laying a sunken wreck to rest. It was this final act, accomplished last December, that was the most startling. Copeland and the others stood on the deck of a gently rolling converted LCT off Walker's Cay and lowered cannon after cannon over the side. Then they care-

fully put them back into the cavity of the old ship where they had been found.

Seekers of sunken treasure start every story with a flashback, and this one involves the dark night of Jan. 5, 1656. The 650-ton Spanish galleon *Nuestra Señora de las Maravillas* was part of the treasure fleet headed for home from the Spanish Indies in the western colonies. She was loaded, as ships always are in these flashbacks: 5½ million registered pesos, precious stones, jewelry and, most wonderful of all, a life-sized madonna made of solid gold. The seas were calm.

Suddenly the *Maravillas* ran into shoal water. Her captain ordered the vessel about. But in coming around she rammed another ship and, with a hole stove in her hull, she settled to the bottom. The top of the ship's rigging remained above the surface, and 58 survivors from among the passengers and crew clung to it and were saved.

The Spanish set about salvage operations and over the next three years are reported to have recovered 1½ million of the pesos. A large portion of this haul was consigned to two smaller ships, which were dispatched for Puerto Rico. They did not make it; both vessels were

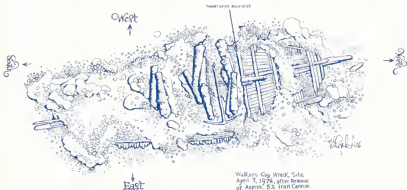
wrecked on the south side of Gorda Cay, below Grand Bahama Island. Meanwhile, because the current runs swiftly where the *Maravillas* went down, her hull was quickly buried in the shifting sand and her cache was no longer accessible to the Spanish salvors. End of flashback.

Many attempts have been made to find the *Maravillas*. One claim on the vessel comes from Bob Marx, an adventurer-diver-author, whose dive team reported it had recovered about a ton of gold and silver coins, silver bars and artifacts from a galleon in 1972, '74 and '75. Marx insists that the vessel was the *Maravillas*. He says the galleon broke into two sections and he stoutly maintains that he, and only he, knows the location of the main hull, containing the still-unrecovered part of her treasure, including the gold madonna. The world may never know, however. Shortly after the 1972 find, the Bahamian government, in a dispute with Marx, suspended his salvage permit.

On March 5, 1974 Rick Magers, a lobsterman from Florida, was scouting the Little Bahama Bank from a light plane in a search for new lobster ground (at that time open to commercial fishing by U.S. citizens, but now restricted to native fishermen under Bahamian law).

Magers spotted "this dark object—something standing out." It was a wreck, lying in about 30 feet of water 24 miles southwest of Walker's Cay, the northernmost inhabited island of the Bahamas. Magers later dived on the site, recover-

continued



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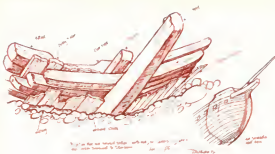
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ring ballast stones and reporting that the hull was loaded with cannon. But he did not have the resources to work the sunken ship. After abortive attempts at financing, he sought help from 54-year-old Robert Abplanalp, inventor-industrialist and owner of Walker's Cay.

Abplanalp agreed to fund the operation. He had his own theory on the location of the *Maravillas*, and he believed the wreck off Walker's was worth a try. "It's just as easy," he said at the time, "to believe that Bob Marx may have found one of the salvage vessels of the *Maravillas* and not the mother ship herself."

Walker's Cay became the base of operation for the underwater dig, which began in January 1976, with a six-man team working from the salvage vessel *Aventura*, commanded by 28-year-old Rick Vaughan. Vaughan was one of the first divers to bring gold to the surface during the successful search for the galleon *Nuestra Señora de Atocha* in the Marquesas off Key West, in 1971. Flagship for the operation was the 105-foot yacht *El Toro*, the on-site headquarters for Abplanalp, Copeland, visiting archaeologists and a film crew shooting a TV documentary on the quest.

Often the identity of a wrecked vessel—particularly one that went down several hundred years ago—depends upon meshing bits and pieces of information: the knowledge of ships plying given routes within given dates, clues gathered from the recovery of artifacts, and archival material that might indicate the ship's mission, her manifest, armament, passengers and crew. It was toward this goal that Peter Copeland com-

plied notes and sketches on the wreck off Walker's Cay. The going wasn't easy. The first four months of the dive were marked by leaden skies, occasional high winds and intermittent rain, reducing visibility below the surface. "Except for five working days, we lost the whole month of April," said Frank Sorg Jr., director of the project.

By mid-May the divers had recovered 67 cannons, two anchors, pieces of Majolica dinnerware, ceramic olive jars, ballast stone, iron spikes and ship fittings. The coral-encrusted cannon were removed to Walker's, where 14 of them were stripped of coral, examined for markings and placed in a freshwater bath to leech the salt out. The others were placed in saltwater tanks to keep them from deteriorating. Still, no gold—no madonna. And then, while it seemed less likely as the dive continued that the Walker's wreck was the *Maravillas*, it seemed proportionately greater that the vessel was an important archaeological find. This was Copeland's opinion; he had probed the lower portion of the ship's hull, still intact.

The divers found evidence that the hull had been mahogany-sheathed as protection against shipworms. The cannon appeared to be of English, Dutch and Swedish origin, all three nations having trafficked in arms with Spain in the late 17th century. Planking and timber structure three feet above the keelson were scorched and burned. With neither gold nor silver found aboard, it was deduced that the vessel may have been salvaged by her own crew, then burned to recover her iron and to keep her from alien hands.

Throughout the summer the findings of the salvage team were reported to Dr. Eugene Lyon, an authority on Latin American history who has studied wrecks from colonial Spain. By assaying available data on the wreck and consulting the Archives of the Indies in Seville, Dr. Lyon finally concluded that the sunken vessel was the frigate *San Juan Evangelista*, which had been blown inside the reef line of the Little Bahama Bank in November 1714. The *Evangelista*, with 300 persons aboard, carried a payload of 300,000 pesos in silver. She had been headed for the Spanish garrisons of Puerto Rico and Santo Domingo. During a storm the ship lost her rudder and was dashed. She drifted into the shallows but remained afloat. Only four lives were believed lost. The Spanish removed her treasure and returned the survivors to Havana. Because repairs were excessively expensive in so remote a location, the ship was burned and scuttled in early 1715.

Dr. Lyon has described the recent salvage of the vessel as "a real learning process." He views the recovered artifacts and the data compiled by Copeland as "historically significant, a true archaeological find" because it is unusual to discover a wreck with the lower portion of the hull so well preserved.

For a brief period, Abplanalp considered raising the *Evangelista* and restoring it as an exhibit for a university or a school of oceanography. He abandoned the idea on the advice of salvors who believed the hull might disintegrate if brought to the surface. Instead, he decided to return the cannon to the wreck, which he now views as an underwater site for skin and scuba divers from Walker's Cay.

Abplanalp and Sorg talk of further exploration. They talk not only of treasure, but of marine archaeology and the large-scale recovery of historical artifacts. There are, after all, thousands of wrecks out there.

Meanwhile, Peter Copeland is happy with the way it turned out. There is no gold madonna in the hulk, but the ship is more or less intact again, the way they found it. It could possibly become a sort of tourist attraction, almost like an underwater park for divers to visit and explore. It has become something of a monument. And that's what makes it an unusual treasure story. Welcome aboard the *Evangelista*.

END

A man with dark hair and a serious expression is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a brown, patterned button-down shirt. He holds a pack of Winston cigarettes in his hands, with one cigarette held between his fingers. The background is a soft-focus green, suggesting an outdoor setting.

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Finding a home with the Braves

In a very good crop of NBA rookies, Buffalo's Dantley may just be the best



The only thing I ever really wanted and couldn't get was a name that would stimulate crowds. Like 'Wilt' or 'Elgin' or 'Pistol.' Not that I mind 'Adrian.' It's been a long time since anyone thought I was a girl. One thing about it, though—people see a basketball player with a name like Adrian Dantley, they know there must be something special about him."

Thus Adrian Dantley, 21-year-old, 6'5" forward of the Buffalo Braves, the best bet for NBA Rookie of the Year, having knocked aside the other candidates like so many bowling pins, much the way he does people who try to stop him from getting the ball into the basket. It has not been a season of superstar rookies but of unusually capable ones, and while such players as Scott May, John Lucas, Ron Lee, Lonnie Shelton, Mitch Kupchak, Quinn Buckner and Robert Parish will someday be NBA All-Stars, Dantley has already arrived: he averages 36 minutes a game and 19.4 points, his 51% from the field, 82% from the line, rebounds with the best and is strong enough to squeeze the air right out of a basketball.

On top of that he retains the kind of confidence and drive that have pushed him past his physical bounds and confounded critics ever since he first waddled onto the floor at De Matha High School in suburban Washington, D.C. as a 6'2", 220-pound freshman dubbed "Baby Fats." Then, as a pudgy 231-pound freshman at Notre Dame, he opened the game that snapped UCLA's record 68-game winning streak with a hell-bent drive to the basket that bloodied Bill Walton's nose. He went hard up after his junior year and two All-America seasons at Notre Dame and was chosen sixth in last June's NBA draft. "I know I would have been the first player picked if I was 6'7"," he says. "They were looking at the inches rather than the player."

Dantley prefaced his NBA debut with a sensational performance in the Montreal Olympics, averaging nearly 20 points and leading the U.S. to the gold medal, scoring 30 points in the championship

game against the Yugoslavians. "I never worked harder for anything in my life than the Olympics," he says. "Like always, people were saying that I wasn't a player. That I was too fat, too slow, too short. That I got easy points at Notre Dame. So I went on a diet, conditioned my body. One day I was walking in the Olympic Village and I passed a couple of players from other countries. One said, 'That's Dantley. He strong. He strong.' Man, I threw out my chest and I thought, 'Yeah, I am strong.'"

Arriving in Buffalo, he was met by still more doubters. Fans there were incensed that the popular Jim McMillian had been sold to make room for Dantley. "They were saying, 'Let's see you replace McMillian, rookie,'" says Dantley. "But as soon as I got 15 points and 19 rebounds in my first game I stopped hearing about McMillian."

He has not stopped scoring points or scattering bodies since. His basic move, the backward bulldozer—he gets the ball on the right wing and backs his way in to the basket—works nearly as effectively against pros as it did against collegians. But he is trimmer and quicker now, and scores a lot facing the basket or streaking like a runaway truck on the break.

"His best skill is in his reaction to defensive pressure," says Braves Coach Joe Mullaney. Dantley decides what he wants to do and maneuvers his way through small openings with his quick steps. He makes his move—a fake spin or pump—and explodes upward for the shot like a Polaris missile. His arms extend from his 43-inch chest like steel rods protecting the ball, and his legs are spread so wide that when he comes down he cannot be moved, even by the likes of George McGinnis and Wes Unseld. Dantley plays the game more horizontally than vertically, staking out territory he intends to take and defend. When a shot by a teammate goes up, he has a knack for being in the exact spot the rebound will come down. Says Lakers Coach Jerry West, "I don't understand why he wasn't the No. 1 pick in the draft."

Dantley has had to work hard to get the respect he thinks he deserves. "First time against Detroit, I came out for the tap and Bob Lanier just starts staring at me, looking me up and down. I didn't know where to look, he's so big. Then

Rarely shy at using his muscle to get to the basket, Dantley shoots a jumper against the Nets' Bassett

continued

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he says, "Well, well, Adrian Dantley, my maassiiiiin man. Don't be planning on coming into my territory tonight." I only went for 10. But the next time we played them I got 23. I have trouble with Rick Barry. He's so smart. Last time I played against him I got 24. But it was hard. E.C. Coleman of the Jazz is the toughest defensive forward there is. I put a move on him and he said, 'No, no, Adrian. That move's not going to work,' and he blocked my shot. I said, 'O.K., next time I'll make it work.' So the next time down I gave him a pump and he fouled me. I said, 'See, I told you it would work.'"

Then there are the officials, who want to let the rookie know who's in charge, especially a rookie like Dantley who depends on free throws for well over a third of his scoring. He has been to the line more than any other regular small forward. But if a superstar like Barry or Julius Erving took the pounding Dantley takes, the officials would blow the peas out of their whistles. Says Dantley: "One time against Philly I asked George McGinnis, 'Hey, George, did you just foul me?' He said, 'Yeah, you know I fouled you, but no rookie ain't going to get no calls.'"

As Buffalo has deteriorated as a team, life on the court has been getting tougher and tougher for Dantley. The Braves got rid of Moses Malone, whom they owned for a week in October, and sent Bob McAdoo to the Knicks in December, so Dantley has found entire defenses collapsing on him, with little help coming from the other big men: John Shumate, George Johnson, Don Adams, John Gianelli and Gus Gerard. The only other scorer is Guard Randy Smith (19.7), who is mostly interested in getting out of Buffalo. Guard Ernie DSGregorio, running the club again after two years in limbo, has had to change his game for four different coaches in two seasons, and it shows.

As a result of much of this, Dantley is shouldering more of a load than a rookie should. "In college I was always playing against box-and-ones, and I hated them," he says. "Now I'm getting double-teamed all the time. I'll beat my man and go smoking to the hoop, there'll be another man waiting and I'll get called for a charge." Coming off a string of 10 straight over-20-point games, last week Dantley found himself in a stifling sandwich de-

JOHN LUCAS, GUARD, HOUSTON

Why would a team use the No. 1 pick in the whole NBA draft for a part-time tennis player when it already owns a midget baten twirler? "There was never a question in my mind," says Coach Tom Nissalke, whose rapid-firing Rockets—Calvin (Tiny Twirler) Murphy, Rudy Tomjanovich and Mike Newlin—badly needed direction up and down the floor. Lucas, a Maryland graduate, has already become one of the league's top playmakers, and the Rockets are headed for the playoffs. "Lucas will make mistakes," says Nissalke. "But he won't make them twice."

MITCH KUPCHAK, CENTER-FORWARD, LARRY WRIGHT, GUARD, WASHINGTON

With two rookies among their first eight players, the Bullets are rebuilding, night? Wrong. Rebuilt. Kupchak, the Olympian out of the University of North Carolina, is the first capable relief Wes Unseld has ever had. Playing 17 minutes a game and giving both Unseld and Elvin Hayes breathers, he averages nine points and 5.4 rebounds, shoots 56% and leads the Bullets in driving on the floor. Coach Dick Motta calls Kupchak "a 6'9" Jerry Sloan." Wright, a peppery penetrator from Grambling, passed his rookie test early against Boston last November, he came in to score 23 points, including six for six from the foul line in the final 28 seconds, to win the game. When the Bullets were foundering in mid-January, he became a starter and the team won 12 of 16. Says General Manager Bob Ferry, "The relentless enthusiasm of Mitch and Larry is the reason we're winning."

RON LEE, GUARD, PHOENIX

Lee got his education at the only accredited Kamikaze school in America, the University of Oregon. After four years under Coach Dick Harter's dive-or-die system, Lee did not move into the NBA, he barreled into it. In training camp he drove his teammates crazy with his hustle, and they nicknamed him "Tar" for "Tasmanian Devil." He started 25 games, averaging 13 points and four assists while shooting 48% and routinely crashing into the logs for loose balls until Coach John MacLeod went back to using him off the bench. Says Guard Paul Westphal, "Ronnie must not realize the enormity of what he's doing."

SCOTT MAY, FORWARD, CHICAGO

Even before he led Indiana to the NCAA championship in 1976, May was an odds-on bet to bring the NBA to its knees in his rookie season. But early in training camp the No. 2 pick in the draft was felled by a case of monoarthritis and he did not return to full strength until February. He is now averaging 14 points a game, while the Bulls are battling for a playoff berth. "He's another Chet Walk-

er," says Indiana Pacer Coach Chick Leonard. Says May, "It's all coming back."

ROBERT PARISH, CENTER, GOLDEN STATE

"Dantley may be the best rookie now," says Nets Coach Kevin Loughery, "but if you're talking about potential, it's Robert Parish." The 7-foot Parish has a big future and no past—because the NCAA does not recognize the existence of his college, Centenary. No matter. "He can shoot," says Coach Al Attles, "and when you find that talent in a center you can wait for improvement in other departments." Parish plays behind Clifford Ray, and while sitting on the bench he puts hot water bottles on his feet to warm up his congenitally cold ankles.

QUINN BUCKNER, GUARD, MILWAUKEE

"Buckner is funny," says one NBA scout. "He doesn't shoot well, on't real quick, but every team he's ever run has been a champion." What he is, is smart, a good defender and a good passer. "He fills a void in the toughest position to fill," says Coach Don Nelson, "the guy who will sacrifice night in and night out. You can build around a player like that." Buckner captained Indiana's 1976 NCAA champions and the Olympic team. Fans immediately dubbed him "the new Oscar Robertson."

RICHARD WASHINGTON, FORWARD, KANSAS CITY

As the No. 3 pick from UCLA in the draft, Washington instantly became a big man in Kansas City. By mid-December he was staring and averaging nine points and 14.6 rebounds when the season began to seem like one long sociology lecture. "I know there were 82 games, but I didn't know there were practices every day," said Washington. He began to run down. In a game against Boston, he says, "I was getting tired and I thought I'd hitch a ride on Sidney Wicks' jersey. Then I heard my name. It was Wicks saying, 'Richard, you do that again and I'll hit you.'"

EARL TATUM, SWINGMAN, LOS ANGELES

Al McGuire, Tatum's coach at Marquette, used to call him "the black Jerry West." So when he arrived in L.A. he naturally had to go one-on-one with the white Jerry West. Afterward, Coach West gave him the ultimate accolade: "He's a player." Under West's tutelage, Tatum, who has mostly played forward, is learning the guard position to take advantage of his size. He has done all right up front, in one quarter of one game he burned Dr. J for 19 points. "I could do that stuff all the time," he said, "but the coach would bench me if I got out of control."

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fense set up by the New York Nets that held him to eight points.

"Can you imagine Kevin Loughery setting up his whole defense to stop a rookie?" Dantley asked, incredulous but flattered. Everyone else in the Braves' locker room made excuses for Dantley's poor game, including the trainer, who suggested that maybe it was because Dantley split his points before warming up. "Hey, I can have a bad game," Dantley said. "Don't everybody go asking 'What's wrong with Adrian?' I only just turned 21 yesterday."

"He is the real, true small forward," says Loughery of Dantley. "He can hang in the air, fake, hesitate, change his shot and score. I've never seen anyone his size that strong. He's going to be a big star in this league. His only weak points are that he doesn't pass very well, doesn't pull up to shoot the jumper enough and he hasn't learned how to play defense on the bigger men."

Dantley himself admits to another failing: "I have the worst eating habits in the NBA." Living alone in the Buffalo suburb of Williamsville, he hates to cook and usually eats out—"McDonald's, Ponderosa, pizza joints. Junk"—and has to struggle to keep his weight around 215. "Some nights my body feels terrible from all the junk I eat." His neighbors, the DiGregorios, don't help any by bringing him huge dishes of lasagne and spaghetti. "Mrs. DiGregorio's a great cook," says Dantley, who didn't know that her name is Susan. ("I respect my elders," he says. "I just call her Mrs. DiGregorio.")

He spends most evenings alone, reading or watching television, and he talks frequently on the phone with his Aunt Rose and mother, Virginia, in Washington. He promised both he would complete his degree in economics at Notre Dame this summer. (He is no slouch as a student; if he had skipped the Olympics, he would have been graduated in three years.) Two weeks ago, before he went to Landover, Md. to play against the Bullets on national television, Aunt Rose called him and said, "Now don't you come out here and stink the place up, Adrian. You better have a good game." Dantley scored 33, and the Washington reporters asked the rookie how he could get much better. "That's tough," he said. "But I guess I'd be better if I ate my mama's cooking all the time."

END



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When Leningrad Zenit came to Tampa, the Rowdies improved foreign relations

A West Indian band played, the palm trees rustled just like the Florida brochures promise and the Tampa sunshine did its job to the tune of 78's last Friday as 16 Soviet soccer players—the Zenit team of Leningrad—looked wide-eyed at a buffet of barbecued ribs, corn on the cob and Budweiser in an elegant dining room at Busch Gardens, the brewery's huge recreation and entertainment park. Media types, pretty girls, soccer officials and one baseball notable, Yankee owner George Steinbrenner, circulated as the Soviets listened attentively to translations of welcoming speeches. In Tampa for outdoor/indoor matches with the Tampa Bay Rowdies of the North American Soccer League, the Zenits seemed to be wondering if all this opulence and hospitality was a capitalist plot to psych them out of playing a good game. If that was the case, it didn't work. On Saturday night Zenit won the opening outdoor game 1-0.

The Soviets were right, however, in sensing that what they were seeing was really high-powered capitalism in high gear. The Tampa Bay Rowdies are one of the most financially successful teams in the league—which means they lost less money last year than most of the other 19 franchises—and they have a reputation for front-office savvy. Indeed, they are regarded as one of the slickest little organizations in all of pro sports.

Declared Steinbrenner, pushing away his plate of rib bones, "If anyone asked me how to start and operate any kind of franchise, I'd tell them to study the Rowdies. It is simply the best marketing in sports. From the top on down, it's a group of geniuses that have put it together. They have done the one thing that most teams fail at in

all sports—in Tampa, they've made going to the soccer game the thing to do."

The Rowdies won the NASL championship in 1975, their first year, and made it to the semifinals in the playoffs last season. But they do a good deal more than play just fine soccer in their slightly comic, Victorian-looking uniforms of sunshine-yellow and grass-green stripes. Beau Rogers, 38, an impish-looking

man who fancies Gucci loafers and floral-patterned ties, reflects on the Rowdy concept in his dazzling yellow and green office. "Everything flows from our slogan, 'Soccer is a kick in the grass,'" says the co-owner, general manager, vice-president, resident innovator and guiding light of the Rowdies. "Sports should be fun, not a grim mechanism. And there's a kind of naughtiness in the pun, too, but again it's good family fare."

Working closely with an Atlanta-based advertising agency, Rogers has developed a zingy package of Rowdy names and ideas. "Rowdies" itself came out of a public contest. "We wanted the local people in on it," says Rogers. "After all, when we started, Tampa Bay had no professional sports, which is one reason we chose the town, and we wanted to have all the local support we could get. 'Rowdies' had a nice ring to it. Who wants to be named for an animal or a constellation?"

After "Rowdies" came the cheerleaders—"Wowdies"—and the customers, "Fannies." This summer, under Gordon Hill, a popular former English referee who is now director of youth and community development for the team, the Rowdies will open a soccer camp to be called Camp Kikinthagras.

The Rowdies can also wield a mean media blitz. Last year the slogan was "Pelé Who?" The radio spots for the Soviets' visit, done in a deep, reverberant voice, announced, "In the beginning, the Rowdies created Bedlam [a reference to the, well, rowdy indoor game against the NASL Fort Lauderdale Strikers the previous week] and for five days they rested, and then on the sixth day they created Delirium against the Russians..."

"We got a few phone calls from Baptists about

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The American farmer is also a model of how our free enterprise system works. Private agriculture dominates the industry, and the robust productivity on most farms results from the labor of one farmer and his family—with a little extra help at harvest time. In the main, the farmer



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runs his own business. He arranges his own financing. He decides which crops he will grow and in what quantities. He sells his own output. At all times he is exposed to the uncertainties of a truly competitive system. Above all, it is the character of the farmer, forged by his independence and innovative spirit, that motivates this highly successful industry.

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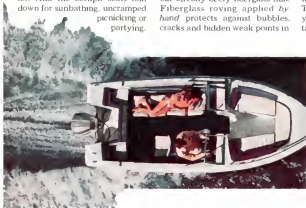
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SOCCER *continued*

that," says Rogers, "but on the whole I think people loved it." Somebody loves that sort of thing. Last year the Rowdies were fifth in league attendance, averaging crowds of 18,000, and for Zenit they drew an astonishing 41,680 to Tampa Stadium.

Rogers and his team draw and project so well that their NFL neighbors, the Buccaneers, who are suffering at the gate and in the media, have sent people to take lessons from the Rowdies. It might seem odd that a team from the mighty NFL would be showing up on the doorstep of a team in a league that doesn't even have a national television contract, but Beau Rogers thinks he knows the reason why. And the answer, he believes, works for all sports.

"You can do all the promotion you want," he says, "but if you don't cut it on the field, you're dead. A winning team makes any front office look good."

The team itself works as busily promoting Rowdism as the front office. Various Rowdies appear on the local PBS stations, for instance, doing public-service spots. In one, Alex Pringle, the Scottish defender and the first player the Rowdies signed, is shown being ejected from a game, the referee holding a red card over his head. "You too have to stop on the red," goes the warning about crossing streets. Aside from the usual spate of soccer clinics, speaking engagements and ribbon-cuttings at new auto dealerships—all of which the players undertake with grace and humor, for the Rowdies are marvelously accessible—there are more ambitious projects, such as one in which they took over an eighth-grade class and gave a course on how to operate a sports franchise.

If all this sounds like a cross between a successful Junior Achievement Company, a Dale Carnegie course and paradise, nothing is perfect, not even the Rowdies. Even though Coach Eddie Firmani scouts the English league for players that fit the Rogers mold—those who have a flair and are willing to sign contracts that call for off-season promotional and educational work ("our Fannies love to hear those English accents")—it is interesting to note what happens to players who occasionally choose to break the mold.

Last season, Stewart Scullion and Clyde Best, a Scot and a Bermudian respectively, grouched and fomented a good

continued

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deal of trouble because they wanted to be paid on the English system—bonuses for wins, more money for winning away, much more for playoffs, etc. Superstar Rodney Marsh gave up his team captaincy rather than get involved in the fray. The result was that neither Scullion nor Best, both of whom had been important to the team in a statistical sense, was signed this year.

Derek Smethurst, 29, a South African-born forward who bounced around the English second and third divisions before landing with the Rowdies three years ago, does fit, although he has reservations. "This is a whole new life in soccer for me," he says, "and I'm happy for the chance. I think sometimes we maybe do too much promotion and appearances. Sometimes I wish we weren't quite so accessible."

But whatever else they do, the Rowdies put on a good show. After treating the Soviet team to bags of oranges, free Levi's—a must for visiting Iron Curtain

players—plus a barbecue at the home of television actor Robert Conrad, Beau Rogers Productions saved its best show for Saturday night's game.

Before the near-capacity crowd, on a humid evening, the smiling Wordies presented each Zenit player with a bouquet of yellow and green roses and a kiss, and each Rowdy handed his Soviet counterpart a small statuette of a soccer player, a Rowdy promotional item called Stoney Maloney's.

On the field, however, the Rowdies were outclassed—though barely—by the innovative Soviets. Playing exactly the same style as the Rowdies—hard-charging, short passing, tenacious at midfield—the Zenit side confused the locals, whose intelligence had led them to expect a dour, mechanical, team-play game from the Zenits.

Although Arsene Auguste, 26, a Haitian defender, did a remarkable job of marking the Soviet first-division goal-scoring leader Alexander Markin, he

couldn't keep him from setting up the only goal of the game. Charging in, Markin got off a hard head shot that rebounded from the crossbar. He headed the ball again to Forward Viacheslav Melnikov, who was lurking by the corner of the goal mouth, and Melnikov put a low, dribbling shot into the corner of the net, past Rowdy Keeper Paul Hammond, 13:44 into the second half for the only goal of the game.

By NASL standards, the Rowdies played as well as the Soviets, the fifth-ranked team in the soccer-mad U.S.S.R. It was a "fun" night, as Rogers would put it, and also first-rate soccer—exactly the combination that has made the Rowdies' operation a success.

Gordon Hill has only one bug worry. "I hope that when soccer becomes a major sport here like football," he says, "and Rowdies are up there at the top, that we don't forget all our marketing and education programs and most of all our fans. I want to be accessible." END

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THE EQUALIZER



You can play some games with people who are more or less all right, but for high-class freezing in Potter County, Pa., you had better find an absolutely suitable partner like Sam

by **Bil Gilbert**

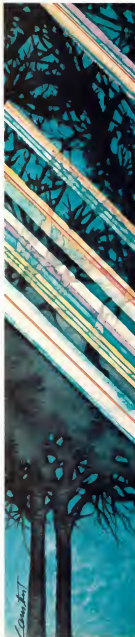
Facing Old King Cold

Potter is a somewhat unusual and out-of-the-way place, being a sparsely settled county in north central Pennsylvania. It sits astride the crest of the central Appalachian highlands. Its springs, icy brooks and white water streams flow through the Ohio River system to the Gulf of Mexico and through the Susquehanna to the Atlantic. The upper ridges down which the waters spill are only 2,500 feet or so above sea level, but the mountains of Potter are formidable. They are laid out in bewildering complexes of intersection ridges, sharp valleys, gulches and ravines; littered with rock slides and boulder fields; chopped off into cliff faces and cut by streams, sinks and bogs. This topographic maze is overlaid and further complicated by an impressive northern hardwood forest. There are great 80- to 100-foot black cherry trees and mixed with the cherries are maple, oak, ash, birch, beech, poplar, pine and, in the bogs, tamarack. In the undergrowth are thickets of laurel, button bush, ferns and all manner of lesser vines, flowers and brush.

At the center of Potter is a quarter-of-a-million-acre tract officially designated and supervised as the Susquehannock (after the Indian tribe of the same name) State Forest. Locally it is often called the Black Forest. The name is appropriate. There are ravines and glades within Potter's big woods which, because of the extensive and deep canopy of foliage, see very little of the sun except the pale cold winter one.

The Black Forest is the domicile of a good many bears, bobcats, foxes, mink, raccoons, porcupines, beaver, ravens, goshawks, grouse, turkey, timber rattlesnakes, trout and a lot of deer—a herd of some 35,000. In contrast, there are not many people in the 698,000-acre coun-

continued





King Cold continued

ty, more than 80% of which is woodland—about 16,000 residents, which works out to almost 39 acres of woodland per person.

As might be expected from what does and does not live there, the weather in Potter is also wild. A set of meteorological maps, which illustrate such things as temperature and the amount of solar radiation and precipitation, will show that Potter has a meteorological profile similar to that of northern Maine, Minnesota, central Alaska and a lot of Canada. From December into March the average temperature is well below freezing, and throughout the year there are fewer than 150 dependably freeze-free days. Sixty to 100 inches of snow falls each year, and it is not unusual to find snow around the ravines in May. Despite the fact that it lies at about the same latitude as Chicago, Des Moines and Providence, R.I., the climate of Potter is what might be called subarctic. In part, the elevation accounts for this anomaly; also the fact that these highlands are the closest ones to the eastern Great Lakes, across which arctic winds and air masses proceed unimpeded until they hit the mountains.

Especially in Pennsylvania, but also in adjacent parts of Ohio, Maryland, New Jersey and New York, people will sometimes say that they are going to be, or have been, "up in Potter," (the word "county" is almost never added) or "That buck looks like a fawn alongside what they got up in Potter," or "By God, I bet you'd freeze your puttoote this morning if you was up in Potter."

Close examination may show that they actually have been up in Clinton or Cameron, which are adjacent and very similar highland counties. However, Potter has such a reputation for cold, solitude and wilderness that it has become a kind of code word. It also has come to have a certain mystic meaning. A fellow who says he is going up to Potter is hinting that not only is he traveling through space to an exceptionally wild, cold place, but also backward through time toward a point when everything, or so we like to imagine, was more elemental, somehow purer, than it is now.

POTATO CITY

U.S. Highway 6, running east and west, more or less bisects Potter. Halfway through the county, set back from the highway so that the Black Forest is at its hind end, is the Potato City Motor Inn.

It provides the grandest accommodations in all Potter; in fact, accommodations that would be regarded as better than adequate almost anywhere. In addition to the Inn there is a Potato City Trip Range, a Potato City driving range and a Potato City Airport, but there is no Potato City. The reasons for all of this are curious.

The bulk of the cleared agricultural land in Potter lies to the north of Highway 6. The principal commercial crop is potatoes. Shortly after World War II some big potato men found themselves embarrassed because when potato magnates from other parts of the state, or from Maine or Idaho, came to visit, there was no suitable place for them to stay and be entertained. So the growers and packers chipped in and built the Potato City Motor Inn and associated facilities. Their idea was that it would make them a nice club and would also pay for itself by taking in non-potato travelers. Clubwise it was successful, by report, but it didn't do well with travelers. There were not many of them, and the potato group didn't treat them with great hospitality when they did show up. By and by, the potato men sold the property. It has since passed through several hands and has ended up in the capable ones of two young couples from southeastern Pennsylvania who have considerably refurbished and expanded the business.

The social heart of the Potato City Motor Inn, one that hints at its original function, is a convention-sized eating, drinking, dancing and general-carrying-on complex. Despite its grand proportions, this is a fairly chummy hall, largely because of a fine, large horseshoe-shaped bar and a large flagstone fireplace. A massive young friend named Sam and I were sitting at a fireside table there on the last Friday night of January.

As just about everyone knows, this was almost everywhere a bitter and extraordinary winter. However, it was less remarkable in Potter than elsewhere because it was more common. That particular day it had snowed six inches, the thermometer had not risen 5° above zero and the wind had been blowing briskly off the Great Lakes. It was, in short, an average Potter January and nobody at Potato City was paying much mind to the weather. Sam and I certainly were not, being fully and pleasantly occupied with a couple of strip sirloins, hot potato salad (anything at Potato City that

has potatoes in it is likely to be very tasty), Genesee beer, and later on coffee and sour-cream raisin pie.

The only other people there were a dozen or so snowmobilers, a good many of whom truck on up to Potter on winter weekends from all over the Midwest to compete on the racecourse laid out behind Potato City or to cruise the trails the state has laid out and maintains for them in the Black Forest.

Generalities are suspect, including this one, but generally snowmobilers seem to be hearty, down-to-earth, convivial folks who are fond of pickups, campers, 4WDs, outboard motors and CB radios as well as their snow sleds. They tend to run in clans or clubs with names like the Cool Drifters or the Blizzard Beaters. These names and appropriate logos are usually stenciled on windbreakers, helmets and vehicles that are color coordinated in Day-Glo purples, oranges and yellows.

What with some back-and-forth between tables, questions arose in an amicable way about what Sam and I were, if we weren't snowmobilers. We said we were not anything identifiable in an organized sporting way, but that what we were doing was stoking up on the victuals preparatory to setting off in the morning to snowshoe through the Black Forest.

"You're not going to get far falling around on those things," one of the snowmobilers said. "You'll just get out and have to turn around and come back to get in before dark."

We said we weren't coming in at least for a few days.

"You mean you are going to stay out nights?"

The admission that that was what we intended brought down the house. Nobody around Potato City had ever considered the possibility or met anyone who wanted to go off and bed down in the woods in January.

"My God, you'll freeze to death."

"Maybe, but that's not the plan. We've done it in colder places."

Inevitably the question of why we were doing it came up and we answered that this was our idea of having some fun. Whether or not they have ever cuddled up in a drift, people know this is a lie. There is no way such activity can be fun in the commonly accepted meaning of the word—not fun like sinking a long putt, whizzing along on a sled



or eating good sour-cream raisin pie.

At least part of the whole truth might have been offensive in our particular circumstances. One reason, the least attractive, for wandering about the subarctic mountains in the winter is showing off to people who do not, a group that includes most of the sane citizenry. Admittedly our cool woodsman image gave us some pleasure and impressed the snowmobilers, who until that moment considered themselves the ultimate winter masters. But if you go in much for that kind of bragging, you are always vulnerable. For example, anybody who walked into Potato City that night and started talking about a four-bouquet climb on McKinley, the last one of which was spent hanging by one piton and a chock made out of a freeze-dried pork chop, could have cut some big notches in the two of us.

There were better reasons, or so we hoped, for doing what we were going to do. When everything has been said about how sport, games and recreation build sound bodies and promote good citizenship and television careers, the fact remains that this kind of arbitrary, practically unnecessary activity has been popular with people for as long as we have been people, because it provides escape and therapy. For reasons of no general interest, Sam and I both were in need of escape and therapy, and for sun-

dry reasons of temperament and experience, cavorting about in the winter wilds of Potter seemed like a quick way to get some.

SAM

For the past 35 years or so I have been fortunate in having a fair number of friends and acquaintances who have shared my needs and opinions about recreation, escape and therapy. With the passage of time, however, a lot of my old cronies have been struck down with bad backs, caught up in soft sheets and become too dead for this sort of thing. The circle with whom I can, or would want to, make winter snowshoe trips has dwindled down to four. At this time, one of these is doing something important for the governor of Alaska, another is an art student in San Francisco and still another is in Vermont looking for work in maple sugar. The fourth and only practical possibility is Sam. He lives nearby and is an orchardist who throughout the hard winter has been pruning apple trees from the bucket of a hydroladder.

You can play tennis or catch with people who are more or less all right, but when it comes to high-class freezing and fatigue, you have to have a partner who is absolutely suitable. Mostly, it is a matter of being and knowing that you are peers. For example, it will not do if only one can start a fire in a blizzard or prop-

erly set up a tent in a drift. The one who cannot will feel patronized and the one who can, unfairly burdened. Either way, tension and trouble will develop, and there is usually not enough energy, physical or psychic, to spare for this sort of thing. Especially, you have to have very compatible opinions about what is interesting, exciting and funny. Otherwise, in inevitable moments of misery you will turn on each other and simultaneously say, "It's your fault."

Beyond being very suitable in these respects, Sam is a notable horse, being 25, 6'4" and 230 pounds. Except for an occasional small NBA forward or an especially agile tight end, Sam is physically the most impressive man I know. He may be even more impressive than these professional athletes because he works harder than they do and has not been hurt so much. He can lift a garden tractor out of a hole or unload a hay wagon two bales at a time. Anyone who does not find such things impressive should try them a time or two.

Even at 25, when I was more of a horse, I was not such a one as Sam is, and now at twice his age I may not be half the horse he is, but there are different elements of peerdom. For example, we move along on snowshoes at about the same rate because I have been doing it for a long time. Sam can wrench a four-inch dead tree off its remaining

continued

roots, but we get a fire started in about the same time. Out of necessity I have given up wrenching and developed a pretty good eye for squaw wood, which can be broken over the knee. Sam meets the cold head-on—toughs it out. I do tricks in my head to finesse it. We have different edges but the sum of them is quite equal, a fact we recognize and find appropriate but not a matter for competition or envy.

DRESSING UP AND DOWN

The morning, the next to the last one of January, was more or less what the previous night had promised it would be. There were drifts halfway up the first-story windows of the Potato City Motor Inn. The temperature stood at -14° and, what with the wind, the chill factor was about -50°. As we got ready to deal with the elements, some of the snowmobilers stopped by to wish us luck. More of them watched us with a kind of horrified fascination, like reporters watching condemned men. What mostly alarmed them was that we were not dressing for the cold as they did and, in fact, by their stan-

dards seemed to be getting ready for a beach outing. However, our needs were much different from theirs. Like ice fishermen and goose hunters, snowmobilers go out in very cold weather, but once they get there they don't do much except sit. Their problem is to conserve every bit of body heat they can. Therefore, they sensibly encase themselves in heavily insulated boots, suits and helmets which, in effect, form flexible thermos bottles. If a snowshoer or any other physically active winter sportsman were to do likewise, he would first be immobilized by the moonwalk-type suit, and if he could move, he would do so with considerable discomfort, even danger.

No matter what the temperature, thrashing around produces a lot of body heat and moisture, and it is imperative that this be controlled and disposed of properly or it will turn to ice with all sorts of evil consequences.

If you are going to be active in the cold, the best mode of dress is a loose, layered one. Fishnet underwear, which provides good insulation because of the air spaces but lets heat and moisture radiate

away from the body, is a good foundation garment. Wool makes the best next layer because, unlike cotton, it dries from the inside out and breathes (passes moisture) very well. The outer layer should be thin, designed to keep moisture and wind out. Overall, a long flowing, cagoule-like mountaineering parka is good. Under these layers, heat and moisture rise, and the top of the costume, around the hood of the parka, can be easily opened or closed to accommodate this. When you start building up too many BTUs and too much moist air, you can open the throat and let it escape, and when you have cooled down, you close the throat and start building up the heat. For the feet, rubber boots with leather uppers are the best.

This is how we remained warm, more or less, through the worst week of winter weather anyone around the Black Forest could remember. As to questions about where was all our stylish, puffy, down gear of the sort smiling models display on the covers of outfitters' catalogs, it was where it belonged, stuffed in our packs, waiting to be used at night when we stopped and when we slept.

There is not much that provides better and lighter insulation than down because of its properties for trapping air between the little feathers. However, despite all the down being sold in such arctic areas as San Diego and Houston, it has severe limitations. If it is squashed flat, say under a pack, it can't trap air and does not insulate. For the same reason it loses its clout if it becomes wet. Down is great for sleeping in or standing around in, but otherwise it is not so hot. In a recent spree of false role playing, and as a status symbol, it has been misused, oversold and overbought.

Snowshoes

On the right kind of trail you can lope along on snowshoes, getting a pleasant, bouncy, trampoline effect from the webbing. You can bound down an open slope in big leaps, achieving somewhat the sensation of rappelling without ropes. Otherwise, there is nothing very sporty about snowshoeing, which is really nothing more

continued





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than awkward walking. Also, it is not a high-skill activity. Anyone who can simultaneously walk and chew sticks out of his mustache can learn to snowshoe possibly in half an hour or so. Like other ordinary things such as crawling, planting bulbs or sawing wood, it gets easier the longer you do it, but the basic act is not difficult.

Snowshoes have been around for a few thousand years and nobody has yet invented a ski, sled or snowmobile that better accomplishes what they are intended to accomplish—getting a man through deep snow and over rough terrain. Because there are a lot of different snow conditions, a great variety of snowshoes have evolved. There are, for example, almost circular ones, often called bear-paws, which while a little awkward are great supports in very deep, soft dry snow. At the other extreme are long narrow six-foot shoes with extended wooden tails on which you can travel very fast in hard snow and open country, say, across prairies or tundra. Both pairs of my shoes are of a general type developed and used in woodlands. They are less round and provide less support than bear-paws, are rounder and not so fast as the narrow, arctic type, and have short tails and are more maneuverable than either of the extremes. The larger pair is laced with rawhide and the other with neoprene ribbons. Much as I hate to admit it, the neoprene is more practical because it does not take on water and does not have to be periodically varnished, but I have always preferred rawhide and, somehow, it feels better underfoot.

Sentiment aside, Sam and I thought that we might have snowshoe problems in our travels in the Black Forest. The larger rawhide shoes will keep about 240 pounds on the surface of the snow. The neoprenes are rated at about 200 pounds. Obviously Sam had to use the bigger ones, but with a pack he was going to be 20 pounds or so overweight, and I was going to be about as much over the best load limit on the neoprene shoes. If we got into very deep light snow we might have some hard going—as in fact we did.

There are a series of open meadows extending from Potato City back into the forest. The wind had graded and pocked these snowfields, and we moved across them smartly, crusing along on the crusty surface. However, there was only about half an hour of this easy going. In the woods there was a three-foot snow

cover on the flat, but frequent and extensive drifts were twice as deep or more. Also, because it had been so cold, the snow remained very light and fluffy. On our overloaded shoes we sank six inches to a foot with every step. Obviously this was better than sinking in three to six feet, as we would have if unshod, but it still promoted slowness and exhaustion.

Woodland shoes have an upward tilt on the prow. The purpose is to keep the shoe pointing up through the snow, preventing the tip from digging down diagonally into drifts and stopping or tripping its wearer. In effect, these shoes are flatish scoops. Even properly weighted you expect to sink a few inches, and with each step some snow collects on the scoops. Getting rid of it accounts for the customary snowshoe gait, which is more a glide than a stride. On each step the foot is shuffled forward and then given a little shake to kick off the snow. When you have a six-inch dollop of snow to clear, as we did most of the time, you have to lift your foot higher to get out of the hole you have dug and then kick harder. Stumbling and fatigue result.

All of these problems only really concern the first person in a party because he packs down the snow, and anyone who follows can step in his tracks and ride along nicely on the surface. In the flat, better packed snow, one of us might be able to break trail for a quarter of a mile or so. In the drifts, ascending and descending the mountainsides, we sometimes could keep going for only 20 yards before we were gasping and heaving and had to stop to open our parkas to let off steam and make way for the other to have a go at trailbreaking. It is a situation in which strength is far more valuable than expertise, and as the days went on Sam took longer and longer turns in front. It was the horse's edge—or penalty.

DEER

We labored in the snow, but no more so than the only other mammal much in evidence, the white-tailed deer. There were a lot of deer trails and they were cast in an odd pattern—four small holes, where their narrow hooves had disappeared, were divided by a shallow trough, the mark left as they dragged their bellies through the snow. Generally, the deer were wandering from one big tree to another. On the lee side, where the snow was shallower, they would sniff for edibles—dried grass, shoots, acorns—and

if they found them they would paw away the snow.

Frequently a deer would pop up no more than 10 or 15 feet away from behind a log or tree where it had been attempting to feed or escape the wind. It would make a few lunges through the drifts in a kind of token escape effort and then stand heaving and exhausted, staring at us dispiritedly, much more concerned and bothered by the winter than by two silent snowshoers.

A rap against snowmobilers has been that some of them, finding deer in these situations, have delighted in chasing and harassing them. Besides being plain ornery, this can be destructive of deer. They are incessantly searching for sufficient food to fuel their body-heating plants. Anything—like escaping a carousing snowmobiler—that requires them to burn up a lot of extra fuel, diverting it from the main job, decreases their chances of making it through the winter. Fortunately, this sort of cruel and stupid hazing is not as common as it was when motorized sleds were more of a novelty. Now when such jackassery is encountered, it is treated harshly, not only by game managers but also by other snowmobilers.

When we met deer at close quarters we passed by very quietly and carefully, trying to reassure them that we had no hostile or antic intentions. Like them, we were essentially concerned with survival.

One of the tenets of pop natural history, conservation and ecology is that all creatures have evolved so as to be perfectly fitted, if man will let them alone, for the niches in which they are found. Tidy as this theory is, it is often not true, as the problems deer have in winter demonstrate. Whitetails are, in fact, badly equipped for a Black Forest winter, a niche which they are often in and wish which they must cope. They cannot travel through the snow like hares; they cannot rise above it like squirrels; they cannot store food like beavers or tunnel after it like shrews; they cannot sleep through the cold like bears or bats.

"If evolution worked," said Sam, staring at a deer obviously depressed by the cold and virtually immobilized by the drifts, "they would grow and shed snowshoes instead of antlers."

Only in the very long range does the situation of the deer make sense. The fact that deer, like a lot of the rest of us, are not well equipped to deal with fairly or-

continued

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King Cold continued

ditionary environmental conditions is the bottom-line control on the size, location and activity of populations. Worry about this is very fashionable these days, but as yet no environmentally dominant beast has been invented. Each in our own way, we all remain dependents.

COLD CAMPS

Our plan was to follow, for as long as we could bear it, the Susquehannock Hiking Trail, a blazed footpath that makes an 85-mile loop through the Black Forest. The blazes were prominent enough, being mostly above the drift line, but the trail itself was indistinguishable from any other part of the forest. Nevertheless, for a time we stuck with the submerged path because if it offered no better route than any other, it was no worse. In the afternoon we came down the Susquehannock Trail off a long flat ridge and began to descend a narrow ravine. There the blaze line slabbled along the side of the slope and the footing was miserable. The snow was so powdery that our downhill-side shoes were constantly giving way and we would either toboggan or fall. If you are alone and go down into a drift wearing snowshoes and a pack, getting up again can be difficult. If you have really sprawled, it usually means baring your hands, fumbling around in the snow and unfastening the shoe harnesses, then wallowing upright and, while standing waist deep in the snow, putting the shoes back on your boots. Invariably it leaves you colder, wetter and much madder than you were before you fell. If you are traveling with a partner and he is still standing, you can usually claw your way upright, using him for a handhold.

After a few falls, it occurred to us belatedly that there was no law or logic which required us to continue slipping along the side of the mountain following a non-existent trail. So we slid down the ravine to the bottom where, presumably, a small stream still ran under the snow and ice. There were some drift rows, windfalls, and occasionally we would break through ice arches and get into the watery slush below them. However, in general the stream course was level and an improvement over the mountainside. An hour or so before dark we came to a wide place in the ravine that recommended itself as a campsite because there was a pool of open water—the first we had seen that day—where a strong spring joined the stream. Curiously, a pair of

continued

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muddling-large trout were disporting themselves in this bathtub-sized pool.

You can stay warm while camping in extreme cold, but it takes constant effort and planning. The cold can never be disregarded. It affects and complicates everything you do. As soon as you stop traveling, the rate at which you produce heat declines, and any moisture on your person will begin to freeze unless you put on the down-insulated gear. This slows the freezing process but also makes you more cumbersome just when you have more intricate work to do. Hands are a big problem. There are a lot of things that cannot be done while wearing mittens or gloves—lying under, rigging a tent, untying frozen knots on food bags, some cooking and eating. Yet when it is colder than 10° below, as it was, it is painful, even dangerous, to work barehanded for more than a few minutes at a time. You pick at a job until your fingers turn stiff and awkward. Then you put them back in mitts until they thaw a bit before you get on with the job. We use a three-man backpacker's tent, which ordinarily we can put up in less than five minutes, but in the cold it takes 15—and they are 15 hard minutes.

Beyond making ordinary jobs slower and more difficult, excessive snow and cold create a lot of new ones. You cannot simply find a level spot and pitch a tent. First you have to hollow a cave out of a drift (as a windscreen and for insulation) and then tromp around on snowshoes to make a floor. Before you build a fire you have to scoop away as much snow as possible and then, on top of what is left, lay a raft of logs on which your fire will float, so to speak, in the snow. If you are careless about putting down a knife, a plate, a bootlace, it is very likely to disappear, either because it sinks into a drift or is covered over with new snow. (It snowed steadily the first day and intermittently the next three. The snow that fell was continuously supplemented by snow blowing off trees and from the ground.) To be fair, there are compensations, the major ones being that under these conditions you are seldom troubled by mosquitoes or nettles.

There is also a real sense of urgency about living in the open in very cold weather. Even with a good fire (and winter ones are often not the best), you cannot lounge about a camp. It is not good to sit down because of the moisture-to-ice factor. Everything—your breath, nose

drippings, bread, a plate of boiled rice, a cup of coffee—freezes very quickly when it is removed from the immediate vicinity of the fire. You cannot take much time with any job—mending a snowshoe harness, for example—because if you do, you and the material are apt to freeze.

"I've been colder," Sam said as he was punching new holes in a very hard harness strap, "but the thing about this is all the work it takes to keep from getting cold. You can't relax. It's always waiting to come in."

SLEEPING COLD

About the only place where you can escape the cold for any appreciable time is inside a tent and a good sleeping bag. Much of winter camping is a race, the object of which is to get into this position as quickly as possible. Like so many other things, however, it is something of an obstacle course. The first law of going to bed in the cold is a negative but important one: take no snow into the tent. If you do, it will first melt, then soak your bag and finally turn to ice. In consequence, the 10 minutes preceding retirement are devoted to scraping ice and snow off everything. Then you ease inside the tent as gracefully as a stiff, tired, padded person can and sit on the tent floor with your feet hanging outside. So reclining, you pick away at frozen knots and in God's good time may be able to remove your boots. These are brushed free of ice and snow and stuffed into the foot of the sleeping bag. Heavy boots may be a bit knobby, but some nighttime knobiness is preferable to spending 15 minutes the next morning beating on your boots with a stick to loosen them up enough to put them back on your feet. Anything else you are not wearing, but would like to wear in the morning, is put under the bag. Whatever it is, it will not be warm in the morning but it may be flexible. Finally, you put on a hat and dry socks, and squirm into the bag. You pull the drawstring tight around your muzzle, leaving only enough of an opening through which to breathe.

All of this is done in the dark while hunched over in a small nylon shell and while one is under considerable pressure to hurry. If you have removed one boot, you are well motivated to get the other one off quickly and both feet into down insulation. There is also some social pressure for speed. If you are the first one in the tent (there is no way that two people

can manage this getting-ready drill simultaneously), you are spurred on by sharp queries—"What the hell are you doing now?"—from whoever is shivering outside by a dying fire. If you are the second one in, you are harassed by muffled orders which come from inside the cocoon—"Tie down the flap." "Hey, you got your knee in my stomach."

SIOUX ALARM CLOCKS

Outside of such improbable occurrences as the coming of an archangel, there is only one thing that can make a person who has worked his way into a sleeping bag get up in the middle of the night, go outside into -20° temperature, remain there briefly and then repeat the whole tedious getting-in-the-bag process—all of which brings up the problems of water in very cold weather. They are various and curious.

Our first camp was the only one where we had normal, that is, liquid, water. Thereafter, to get a drink, or for cooking at night, we had to melt snow over the fire. Again, this complicates and extends what should be a very simple act. Also, snow water tends to taste like old leaves, and nowadays there is always the unnerving suspicion that it may be much hotter than it seems by reason of a lot of invisible particles that have wafted in from northern China.

During the day we slaked our thirsts, which were as real as if we had been packing in July, by gobbling handfuls of snow. But this never seems to put enough moisture back in your boiler. At the end of a cold day you are always a bit dehydrated, and one of the biggest rewards of making camp is getting two or three drinks of real water, even if it means boiling snow. However, whatever goes in must come out.

I once had a friend, a professor of physiology, with whom I did outdoors things. He had given a lot of serious thought to water control and was the first to tell me about and demonstrate what he called the "Sioux alarm clock." He claimed that the Sioux, by adjusting their water intake at night, could leave themselves a morning call for any desired time. He had experimented with the technique and by the time I knew him could, indeed, awaken himself within 15 minutes of a predicted time.

This is important for any very cold camper. You want and need a lot of water when you get into camp, but there-

continued

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after it is prudent to go easy. At the tag end of the brief evening, even though nothing else is standing between you and bagging it, it is well to hang around awhile, endure a little more freezing for the sake of stabilizing your water system. Nobody minds getting up too late in the cold, but the prospect of the old Sioux alarm clock going off too early is terrible.

ULTIMATE DRIFTS

The place where we first camped was only about a mile from the mouth of the ravine where it intersected a larger valley and a small river. However, a few hundred yards below our camp the ravine veered and became exposed to what had been the prevailing westerly wind. In consequence, the narrow gorge had become a single long drift, seldom less than five feet deep, often more. It took us more than two hours to wallow this mile. When we got out we were caked with frozen snow, half-blinded and fully exhausted. There was a strong temptation to simply lean against a tree and cry, but as usual the moisture-cold factor made this self-indulgence undesirable.

Without putting any gloss on it, we were convinced that we had more escape and therapy in drifts than we really wanted and, in truth, about all that we could endure. Therefore, we turned to our topographic map and began thinking seriously about alternatives. What immediately caught our attention was a web of snowmobile trails crossing the forest. We reasoned that even if our friends from Potato City had not been getting out much in the blizzard, these trails had probably been traversed often and more recently than the standing drifts and should therefore provide somewhat easier passage. We headed across the valley to pick up the nearest of these trails, and when we did our assumption proved to be true. For the next three days and 25 miles we slogged along on these sled runs. They were blown over in places but always provided better footing than the abominable ravine. Following them was easier and also gave us a chance and time to see something of the winter other than the inside of a drift.

SNOW SWIMMERS

Beside ourselves and the deer and an occasional raven that flapped by, croaking hoarsely and presumably looking for dead deer, the only creatures that seemed

very active were porcupines. Now and then we would see trees where they had been feeding, gnawing away bark. We wondered and talked a little about how such a dumpy, short-legged, groundhog-like animal was able to get around in the snow. One afternoon, when a porcupine ambled across the trail to a big evergreen 30 yards away from us, we had a chance to find out. Porcupines, it turns out, get along very nicely and easily in the deepest snow. They do so by floating on it, more or less. The big quill-covered tail and the mop of coarse body hair is all extended, giving them great buoyancy. So supported, they dogpaddle with their short legs and move across the surface without sinking more than a few inches. Astonishingly, the fat, slothful porcupine handles deep snow much better than deer, which are noted for their grace and agility.

"He is all snowshoe," remarked Sam of the porcupine we watched. But the porcupine, like everything else, is far from perfect. Whether in the snow or on hard ground he is very slow of foot. Even burdened as we were, we could have overtaken this one at any time and worked whatever our will was on him. Despite its quills, which are not as formidable in fact as they are in myth, the porcupine is especially defenseless against any sort of aggression or predation. On account of this vulnerability there used to be a rule of the woods (now seldom invoked because times and human activity have changed so much) that these animals should never be needlessly molested because they are among the few creatures so helpless that a man in trouble, lost, without tools or weapons, can catch one easily.

WINTERMAN

On the last day we were feeling chipper about things, about having beaten through the drifts, about watching a porcupine swim in the snow, about having made out as well as we had. This is the way with most endurance-type ventures. The doing of them is more agonizing than it is exciting and does not provide many highs, like riding fast on a horse or a snowmobile, running a good rapids or hitting a ball hard. A good bit of the pleasure is retrospective and comes when you can be pleased about having done some wild thing that you were not sure you could or should do. But this is not all. Almost always there is a curious, very dif-

ficult to explain, sensual pleasure, which is a unique by-product of all the hanging on and heaving. The last night out there was a feeling that may suggest something about this phenomenon, if not define it.

We had been overtaken by darkness and fatigue and had made a bad camp on a ridge top. The wind there was especially strong and the snow devils ferocious. The trees, mostly big black cherries, did not offer the protection that hemlocks in a hollow will. The fire was bulky and smoky. All the camping chores were aggravating. However, there was a splendid drift into which the tent could be wedged, and once we got into it the night was no worse than usual, just much noisier.

To say that a wind howl may be a cliché, but on that ridge the wind did howl—like God's own arctic wolf, like a hysteric, like an accident victim. Before the howling wind the big trees gyrated, groined and creaked. Occasionally there was a sharp, riflelike report as a branch or trunk broke. Now and then there was another peculiar sound like a mighty mousetrap snapping shut. The only explanation that we could think of was that we were hearing living wood crack and split as it was squeezed ever tighter in the vise of frost. The moon was up and bright, though not much warmer-looking than a disc of ice. The moonlight filtered through the tent and was diffused by the layer of frost crystals on our fragile ceiling. Through the nylon, backlit by the very cold moon, the weird wind-whipped dance of the trees could be seen. Once in a while the moon would be shadowed and obscured as a snow squall blew past.

It occurred to me that perhaps no one else had ever seen or heard exactly the same things, that quite possibly no one else had ever spent this kind of night on that ridge, that assuredly nobody else was lying out in the Black Forest that night. But beyond this and the spectacular audio-visual display was something else: a powerful, satisfying, in-the-present sensual reaction. The best I can do in words is to say that there was a sensation of being inside winter, not trapped there but simply being in a very exotic and foreign but stimulating place. I do not claim that I would like to stay there long, but it seemed a very fine place to visit. The recreation—the escape and therapy offered—compensated for the unavoidable inconvenience of getting there. END



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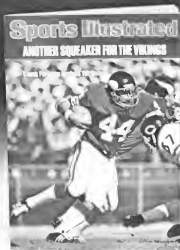
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 28-March 8

PRO BASKETBALL—Hard on the heels of Commissioner Larry O'Brien's warning to coaches and players that there has been too much violence in the game, Los Angeles' Magic Jerry West and the San Diego Clippers' George Johnson were ejected during the Warriors' 90-94 victory. Two nights later Barry returned and scored 33 points as the Warriors sealed Philadelphia 121-115 in overtime for their fourth straight win in moves to within three games of Pacific leader Los Angeles and two of second place Portland. The Trail Blazers again lost the services of Bill Walton, who sprained his left ankle, but slipped by the Suns 108-107 as Maurice Lucas' left-handed hook won 30 seconds to play. David Thompson scored 37 points as Denver topped Detroit 118-94 giving Nuggets Coach Larry Brown the season series over headliner Herb Akey. Detroit lost three games and Center Bob Lanier and his 23.2 points per game for four weeks with a fractured bone in his right hand. Chicago beat Indiana Phoenix and Los Angeles to extend its winning streak to six and suddenly began to think playoffs. Three wins—Houston, San Antonio and Cleveland—are bunched within 35 points of Central leader Washington, which won twice. Phil Chenoweth totaled 61 points in the Bullets' victory over the 15-for-20 jumper with eight seconds to play topping the Nuggers 115-111 in overtime. Surprising San Antonio dropped the league's best offense and worst defense, averaging 129 points and giving up 119 but won three games. Phil Adelman lost two games by a total of three points, but maintained its six-game margin over the Celtics. Devoe's return of Forward Stephen Hayward after a 23-game absence the Knicks lost twice. Buffalo's Adrian Dantley (page 40) scored 23 points as the Braves stopped New Orleans 95-90 for their only win against three losses.

DOG RACING—**DOWNING** (\$2,800) won the \$115,000 World Turfhouse Classic by five lengths over Wanapah at Hollywood Park (page 48).

GOLF—**GARY KITCH** shot a final-round 70 for a 14 under-par 214, to win the \$200,000 Florida Citrus Open by two strokes at Orlando.

HOCKEY—**NHL**. The Montreal Canadiens had almost forgotten how to lose. Before coming up against the Leafs Sunday night, it had been seven weeks and 21 games since the Habs were on the short end of the score. (We loved the Sabres dumped Montreal 4-1; the lone Canadian only coming on Guy Lafleur's power play goal in the game.) It was Lafleur's 51st goal, his 100th in the week Steve Shain had coached his 50th—putting the intensity in the select company of Maurice Richard and Bernie Gorman in the only Canadiens to

perform such a feat in a single season. Way out there in the Norris Division, 41 points from the Canadiens, Los Angeles moved within two points of Pittsburgh to second place by beating the Penguins 5-0 on Rogues Vachon's seventh shutout of the year, then tying them 3-3. Marcel Dionne's goal with seven seconds to play, Boston knocked off Detroit 8-3 as Greg Nigh scored his third hat-trick of the season, beat the Rangers 4-1 and defeated Buffalo 3-1 on rookie Stan Jonsson's two goals in 51 seconds, narrowing the Sabres' Atlantic Division lead to three points. The Cleveland Barons thanked their rivals for keeping them after with a more winning streak of three. Philadelphia opened a seven-point lead in the Patrick Division, winning three times, while the Pittsburgh Islanders lost twice. Chicago lost to Buffalo 4-3 and Washington 7-4 to fall seven points behind St. Louis in the Smythe Division.

WHA. "This is the most outstanding feat in sports," Houston's Larry Lund said after watching teammate Gordie Howe score the 99th goal of his 29-year career in Houston's 8-1 win over Phoenix. Son Marty scored on the 46-year-old Howe's No. 900, a 30-foot wrist shot. Ronanville later Howe sealed off the ice and had his left foot put in a cant because of a sprained tendon. The Western Division-leading Aeros now have the best home record (25-1-6) in hockey. In his first game in player coach, Edmonton's Glen Sather got a goal and an assist as the Oilers beat Winnipeg 5-4. Sather took over from Ben Gooden, who is staying on as GM. In the East, Quebec beat Edmonton and San Diego to maintain its 10-point lead over Cincinnati, which won its only game, beating Indianapolis 4-0. Birmingham Coach Pat Kelly was ejected from a game in Calgary when he threw three sticks onto the ice, depriving a Calgary goal. The goal counted and the Bulls lost 4-2.

HORSE RACING—**CRYSTAL WATER** (\$11,800) ridden by Laffey Pincus Jr., broke the track record in the 10th running of the \$273,550 Santa Anita Handicap, carrying 122 pounds, the 6-year-old colt beat Elabaki by a head and was timed in 1:39 1/5 for the 1 1/4 miles, shaving 1/4 of a second off the record.

U.S. WRESTLING (\$14,800) ridden by Raul Ramirez won the \$150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields in a neck over Coby's Regent, carrying the 154-mile in 4:39.

ICE SKATING—**LINDA FRATIENNE**, 16, of Northridge, Calif., succeeded Dorothy Hamill as the women's title holder at the world championship in Tokyo. Yulia Litvinchuk of the U.S.S.R. took the men's title.

Senior skaters also won the pairs and the ice dancing.

MOTORSPORTS—In a race marred by two deaths, NIKKI LAIDLAK, driving a Ford, finished 5.2 seconds ahead of Judy Schacter's Buick Road to win the South African Grand Prix at Kyalami. Laidlak averaged 118.13 mph for the 78 laps over the 3.3-mile course. TOM PRYCE, a 23-year-old Welshman, died after his Shell-on-Ford struck and killed a truck driver on the 33rd lap and then plowed into an embankment.

SHINOBU—**PHIL MARHE** of White Pine, Wash., took the slalom by 89 of a second over Ingraini Sarnauak at the World Cup event in San Valley, Idaho, and two brother Steve finished third (page 12). Combined with his victory in the giant slalom, Sarnauak's second victory wrapped up his second straight World Cup title.

TENNIS—**JIMMY CONNORS** beat the Nacire 4-6, 4-3, 7-5, 6-3 to win his fourth, heavyweight, clay court trophy, and \$70,000 at Donor Beach, Puerto Rico.

BORIS BECKER defeated Brian Gottfried 6-4, 6-1, 4-6, 7-5 to win the U.S. National Indoor Championships and \$28,000 in Memphis.

SLI BARBER beat Virginia Wade 6-1, 6-4 in the final of the Virginia Slats in San Francisco. Barber's last tournament win of the year ended her \$29,000.

TRACK & FIELD—The U.S. men's and women's team won a 4th medal meet in Toronto, hardly defeating the U.S. and Canada. Northern American winners included JANI FRIDRICH, 100-yard dash, 2:07; 200 yards and 50-yard hurdles, 6:10; TOMMY HAYNES, 100-yard dash, 2:24; and triple, 35.1; STEVE RICHIE, 150-yard dash, 5:21; and RALPH LARREE, 16.17 mile, 4:36 and two mile, 9:59.81.

WRESTLING—**REUBEN HOLMAN**, 56, in which of the New York Knicks offense in the end of the season. Holman, who coached the Knicks to the NBA championship in 1970 and 1973, has a career record of 135-43 in 14 seasons with the Knicks, Milwaukee and St. Louis.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



BETTY LACEY
Durham, N.C.

The girls' field hockey coach at Auburn (N.Y.) High, Lacey led the Minors to an unprecedented fourth straight Section III title. Her teams have won 50 straight, and have a 191-6 record since she started coaching at Auburn in 1956.



HARUKUNI HANAWA
Davis, Calif.

A senior at Chao Yuen, Hanawa captained the Japanese Collegiate All-Star volleyball team that beat defending NCAA champion UCLA 2-1. The 6' 7 1/2" Hanawa led the All-Stars with 65 kills in the three-match series.



DAVE STEFFEN
East Rock Hill, Mo.

Dave, 17, a heavyweight wrestler at Flat Rock High, set a state high school record by pinning a minimum of four opponents in just five seconds. Steffen won in the Class C state championship, his completed a 66-2 record (52 by pin) the past two years.



MARK DIESEN
Greenwich, N.Y.

Dieesen, 19, became an International Master when he won the world junior chess championship in Groningen, The Netherlands, from a field of 53 other national representatives. He was the first American to take the tournament in 20 years.



CHRISTIN COOPER
San Valley, Idaho

With a first in the slalom and a fifth in the giant slalom, Christin, 17, won the overall title in the National Senior Alpine championship in San Valley. A World Cup B team member, she also finished 13th in the slalom at Furano, Japan.



DAVE BUTLER
Burlington, N.J.

A 6' 2" guard at Burlington (N.J.) County Community College, Butler is the leading junior college scorer in the nation with an average of 33.6 points. In his high game, he scored 50 points against Gloucester (N.J.) County Community College.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

SPUTTERING ENOHEM

Sir

If the Detroit Pistons (Moaning and Wining in Motown, Feb. 28) are typical of players in the NBA, the sport is in sad shape. You quote Marvin Barnes as saying, "I got to get my 30. My fans be demanding it." I think most fans come to see the game played by professionals, not a one-man talking machine trying to score 30 points a game. The picture of Kevin Porter sulking on the bench told the whole story. Even if the Pistons are in second place in their division and have the seventh best record in the NBA, they have to rank last in class.

REED JOHNSON
Waterloo, Iowa

Sir

The Pistons really are a delight on the court. However, the way certain players complain is ridiculous. The team's goal is to win, and Coach Herb Brown is accomplishing this. After observing pitiful performances by other Detroit teams this past year, I'd say a winning team is more than welcome here.

ROE BRIDGES
Traverse City, Mich.

Sir

Unbelievable! Detroit General Manager Oscar Feldman says, "Most of the players have no-cut multi-year contracts. Why they can't be happy in winning whether they make a contribution or not is beyond me."

Every player who has the good fortune of reaching the NBA has paid a price to get there. These players have made sacrifices that others with similar talents have not made. If it is Feldman's belief that recognition and the exercising of the skills that these players have perfected are not important to them, he should be running a kindergarten riddle-word tournament, not a professional basketball team. Come on, Oscar. Professional athletes are competitors, not contented benchwarmers, regardless of their income.

MICHAEL F. MANORE
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir

With four excellent guards (Eric Money, Kevin Porter, Chris Ford and Ralph Simpson) what else can Herb Brown do? He can't play them all at the same time.

JEFF SPINER
Southfield, Mich.

Sir

If the Pistons would stop fighting and start playing together, they would have a good chance of taking a championship.

STEVE RYAN
Waverly, Ill.

ON THE OREGON TRAIL

Sir

UCLA's trip to the Willamette Valley was certainly a tough one (*On the Trip to the Pit the Bruins Got Bit*, Feb. 28), but it was not their toughest of the year. The Bruins were not awesome in Washington a week before the Oregon excursion. Up in Pullman on Thursday night they fought for their lives before pulling out a 65-62 win over Washington State, a much harder contest than their 89-76 romp over Oregon State. Then they came here to Seattle on Saturday, Feb. 12 and the Washington Huskies dealt them a 78-73 defeat.

If you think Washington rarely defeats UCLA, recall 1975. In Hec Edmundson Pavilion, when John Wooden suffered his last loss as a Bruin coach. The score? An amazing 103-81.

ADAM WORCESTER
Seattle

Sir

How could you forget so soon? Larry Keith states, "No one can recall when UCLA last scored only 18 points in a 20-minute period. Or when the Bruins so completely lost control of a game."

One need only go back to last year's game at Pauley Pavilion between these two teams, the one that ended the Bruins' 96-game home winning streak. The Ducks held UCLA to 14 points in the first half. Furthermore, the final score of 65-45 shows that the Bruins never had control.

As for Oregon's star forward, Greg Ballard, ask Marques Johnson and Richard Washington who was the best big man in the West last year.

DOUGLAS B. SCHNIDER
Eugene, Ore.

Sir

It might be of interest to your readers to learn that Greg Ballard is the alltime leading scorer among forwards in Pacific Eight Conference history and the only Oregon player to exceed 1,000 in both points (1,758) and rebounds (1,090).

Also, the UCLA game was the 68th consecutive sellout of "the Pal."

THOMAS RENKE
LEONARD WORRE
Springfield, Ore.

Sir

I was shocked that Larry Keith called John Wooden's UCLA teams arrogant. The greatest coach in collegiate history proved that discipline and pride are what make a team great. Describing these qualities as arrogance is definitely a poor choice of words. There is only

one word to explain UCLA's attitude and accomplishments: class.

KEVIN BRADLEY
Baltimore

VMI'S DAY

Sir

As a 1971 VMI graduate, I can remember all too well the disastrous 1970-71 Keydet basketball season. Unfortunately, because of a current Army assignment to Germany, I have been unable to share in the glory of the 1975-76 and 1976-77 Keydets. Your article on VMI (*Winning Is the Order of the Day*, Feb. 14) let me know that all is well in Lexington. Va. Thanks for a tremendous morale-booster.

JAMES C. CALL
Captain, USA
Heidelberg, Germany

Sir

The SI gang lives on. VMI got recognition in a national poll, won 21 straight games, was featured in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*—and then lost twice in three days! Please, pick on the guys who have dominated the polls for years and leave us deserving newcomers alone, at least until the end of the season.

PETER FORMAINI
Richmond

THOMPSON'S LEAP

Sir

David Thompson is certainly an extraordinary athlete (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 21), but his record triple jump as a North Carolina State freshman was not his first attempt at that event. Performing as a senior at Crest High School in Shelby, N.C. in the spring of 1971, Thompson set a Western North Carolina High School Athletic Association record in the triple jump with a leap of 45' 5 1/2". This record was erased three years later by sophomore Pete Hardin of Salisbury, who jumped 46' even.

DALL BASINGER
Rockwell, N.C.

MACDONALD'S HUMOR

Sir

As one who ran behind Duncan Macdonald at Stanford for four years, I was pleased to see your article about an athlete with a most unusual outlook on life (*Dormant No More*, Duncan Is Erupting, Feb. 14). I was a little disappointed that Kenny Moore did not relate Duncan's most distinguishing character trait—his extraordinary, if somewhat offbeat, sense of humor. Then I looked at the photographs accompanying the article. That is definitely Duncan carefully examining a 72-pound elephant trunk.

RETT ERTL
Stanford, Conn.
continued

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Yesterday

by GEORGE GIPE

THE ROADSCULLER MADE ROWING ON LAND AS HARD AS WALKING ON WATER

"Just after 12 o'clock tonight, when Monday is five minutes old," said the New York Sun of Oct. 7, 1888, "three strokes will be hit upon a gong and twelve brawny men will start to row around the track in Madison Square Garden. There won't be any water and there won't be any boats."

The Sun was heralding the debut of a new spectator sport involving 12 superstar oarsmen. By utilizing the new Madison Square Garden, the rowers would be under a single roof instead of on a remote lake. Seeing them would be easier, and so would charging admission. And the problem of finding a vehicle for waterless rowing apparently had been solved with the development of the roadscurller, or rowing tricycle.

Constructed of light iron with a single 20" wheel in front and two 40" wheels in the rear, the roadscurller was equipped with an intricate system of grooved pulleys, axles and great lengths of $\frac{1}{8}$ " wire cable. It supposedly was capable of speeds of more than 15 mph when the operator pulled a handle with both hands in the manner of an oarsman.

The roadscurller looked good on paper, as did prospects for the new sport. Oarsmen in the 1880s were national heroes, and the prospect of seeing a dozen of the most celebrated competing in a six-day race was irresistible.

The names of these heroes mean little today, but they comprised an all-star lineup in 1888. Among them were Jacob Gaudaur, a Canadian known as "the black Brunswicker"; George Buber, champion sculler of England; William O'Connor, a strong claimant for the American title, John McKay, champion of Nova Scotia, John Langan, Ireland's titleholder; and Albert Hamm, characterized by the Sun as "something of a jolly wanderer." Prize money of \$10,000 was added as an inducement to the glory of being crowned unofficial champion of the world.

The rowers' "course" was a $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile track, 21 feet wide, divided into four lanes. The inside three were for normal racing, the outside lane was for passing or "spurring." And although confidence in the rowing tricycle was high, arrangements were made in advance should one or more of the vehicles break down. "There is some danger in the race," The New York Times reported, "for the pulley wire will break and collisions may occur. If a man is dismounted, he may continue the lap afoot and have it counted and find another machine awaiting him at the goal."

Despite the disconcerting prospect of seeing the rowing contest turn into a race of angry walkers, opening night was everything the promoters could have hoped for. Celebrities Robert Ingersoll, the noted agnostic and author, and General William T. Sherman were in attendance as the first of the contestants, Peter Conley, jogged onto the track "gay in a pink shirt." Then as the 13th Regimental Band struck up a lively tune, the 12 racers pulled away in a start that was described by the Sun in a sentence nearly as complex as the workings of the roadscurller: "The twelve oarsmen set off upon the first six hours of their sixty amid the glare of 35 electric arc lights and some hundreds of gas jets, the glare of 75 musicians, each trying to outblow the other, and the cheers of something more than 7,500 spectators, among whom were included some hundreds of women whose bright costumes illuminated the boxes all around the track, and the battery of whose eyes made even the electric lights dim, and the music and huzzas were terrific for those of the oarsmen who had susceptible hearts beneath the gay and scanty gauze shirts which covered their manly forms."

Everything went perfectly—for five minutes. Fred Plavied's machine broke a cable at 12:10 a.m., then William East's. By 12:15, half of the contestants had mechanical trouble. The first smashup occurred not long afterward when John Teemer's vehicle sent him sprawling in front of the scorers' stand. "Wallace Ross' machine was on top of him in an instant," the Sun wrote, "and Gaudaur's on top of them both." Although no one was injured, the prospect of solid contact appealed to the fans. "The possibility of serious injury to some of the racers was at once apparent . . . and the audience began to take a redoubled in-

terest in the contest," went the account. "Coroner Messemer, who was up by the scorers' table and was getting ready to leave, sat down again, remarking, 'I guess I'll stay.'"

The contestants were less enthusiastic. Except for Gaudaur, whose machine functioned perfectly and allowed him to pile up a substantial lead, nearly all of the racers had complaints. Langan was "greatly annoyed by the tendency of his wires to slip without gripping the wheels so that pull hard as he would he could not attain great speed." East had so many mishaps that he withdrew from the race after only seven miles, seven laps. Hamm's steering gear gave way just as he was rounding a curve, and he ran into the front row of seats.

At the end of two days' racing, Gaudaur had completed 172 miles and John Teemer was second with 165. Teemer did not remain in contention long. On the third day he "awoke with blisters as large as copper pennies and the dry and inflamed skin was cracked at all the joints. It was a physical impossibility for him to close his hands." The Times added that O'Connor was crippled "elsewhere," an indication that the sliding seats also were malfunctioning.

But the grim marathon continued. On the third day another mishap occurred. "A restaurateur at the west end of the promenade started a charcoal fire in a portable furnace and left it," the Times noted. "The furnace emitted clouds of suffocating smoke which floated across the track toward the exits. Langan and Plaisted happened to plunge into the noxious vapor and they inhaled more than they could comfortably stand." The Irish champion was sick for a quarter hour.

Frustration reached a climax on the last day of the contest, when a light broke out between two trainers. While it was in progress, Teemer, who was standing on the sidelines, stepped in and struck and kicked another contestant. A fight ensued, during which both men were badly scratched and their clothes torn.

On Saturday, Oct. 13, the regatta came to a halt. Gaudaur, who had negotiated 465.1 miles, was the winner. Ross was second with 462.1 and Teemer last with 177. No one dared predict, as some had before the meet, that land rowing would eventually replace water sculling. If anything had been proved, it was that rowing on land can be nearly as difficult as walking on water.

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19TH HOLE continued

MAT MAN

Sir:

I was pleased to read your article on Lee Kemp of the University of Wisconsin (*The Suppression of His Aggression*, Feb. 21). Wisconsin has been struggling to be recognized as one of the best and, finally, with the likes of Kemp it has happened.

CHRISTOPHER S. STEIN
Corpus Christi, Texas

Sir:

I found the article off base on several counts. How would Lee Kemp's supposed lack of aggression explain the fact that he has now pinned 18 opponents this year, some of them in the first period? Additionally, in the East-West All-Star Classic in Corvallis, Ore., Kemp annihilated his Western opponent, Kevin Kramer, by a score of 8-2. At the time Kramer, the top-ranked wrestler west of the Mississippi, had a 20-2 record.

I found particularly offensive the comment, "Seeing one of his matches is often about as thrilling as watching paint dry." The finesse and skill with which Kemp wrestles are apparent in every one of his matches, whatever the score.

SUSAN BROWN
Madison, Wis.

IN SUPPORT OF KIHAI

Sir:

With the exception of one horrible statement, Richard W. Johnston's article *Mauai Is as the Claps* (Jan. 24) was well written and covered many interesting aspects of this beautiful, complicated island. In the penultimate paragraph, Johnston says, "Except for a fine French restaurant, one should go quickly through Kihai, the tacky eight-mile resort strip above Wailea that has the gall to include itself in the Maui Gold Coast."

It is impossible for any of us here to understand how Johnston could have missed seeing Kihai's mile after mile of beautiful, uncrowded white-sand beaches—all of them open to the public—with the safest swimming in the islands. He also missed four beautiful beachside parks with tables, benches, lawns, trees, showers, camping areas, pavilions for family parties and community meetings and courts for basketball and tennis, not to mention many well-designed, beautifully landscaped condominiums. There are some 9,000 residents and several thousand visitors who consider themselves the luckiest people in the world to be able to be in Kihai. Are they all out of step, Mr. Johnston?

WILLIAM E. MASCHAL
President
Kihai Community Association
Kihai, Hawaii

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020.

An aerial photograph of a golf course coastline. A green fairway runs parallel to a rocky shore where waves are breaking. A path and some trees are visible on the left side of the fairway.

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